THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CIX.—No. 1413

JANUARY 14, 1931

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

SPORT AND SOCIETY AT HOME AND ABROAD

The BYSTANDER

Beef in Brief—

A MEAL IN A MOMENT
ONE CUBE TO A CUP
"OXO" CUBE

BOLLINGER'S CHAMPAGNE
Special Cuvée
By Appointment to H.M. KING GEORGE V.

A most refreshing beverage for dyspeptics and invalids and all who enjoy exquisite flavour.
DOCTOR'S CHINA TEA
¼-lb. FREE.
Simply send 6d. in stamps to cover postage and packing, and we will promptly send you a 2-oz. packet of each of the 3/- and 3/8 qualities—making in all a free ½-lb. of the world's finest China Tea. There is also a super quality at 4/2, a 2-oz. sample of which will be included on receipt of an additional 6d.
HARDEN BROS. & LINDSAY, Ltd.
(Dept. 131), 30/34, Mincing Lane, London, E.C.3
CVSII

HOTEL LOTTI
PARIS
7 & 9, RUE DE CASTIGLIONE
(TUILERIES)
Telegrams: "OTELOTTI, PARIS, 81."

HOTEL MAJESTIC
NICE
Perfect—but not prohibitive in price.
Same Management as Palais de la Mediterranee.

COINTREAU
Extra Dry for England
THE FINEST LIQUEUR WITH THE COFFEE

Banish Headaches swiftly — take
GENASPRIN
THE SAFE BRAND

PRICE ONE SHILLING: By Inland Post, 1s. 1½d. OFFICES—LONDON: Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. PARIS: 65-67, Avenue des Champs-Elysées, Paris, viii.

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross) ('Phone: Tem. 3161.)
3 TIMES DAILY at 2.15—5.15—8.15. Week commencing January 12th.
EDITH DAY; PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY; GEORGIE WOOD; HARRY TATE; BENNETT & WILLIAMS; REVNELL & WEST, etc.

REGAL Marble Arch
Padd. 9911
FAY COMPTON in "CAPE FORLORN"
With IAN HUNTER and
"SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS."
ON THE STAGE: "FESTIVAL RUSSE."

HOTELS AND RESORTS

Winter sunshine at
ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA
The sunniest resort on the sunny south coast. Blessed with equable climate and the most comfortable and convenient hotel. 100 bedrooms. Electric heating, self-contained suites, best English food and chef. Inclusive terms from 4½ gns.
THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL
St. Leonards-on-Sea.

Sunshine and Sea Breezes!
ST. AUSTELL
BAY HOTEL, PAR, CORNWALL
MOST IDEAL WINTER RESORT IN ENGLAND
Mild and Equable Health-giving Sea Breezes.
18-Hole Golf Course, Hard Tennis Courts, Hot and Cold Sea Baths, Central Heating, Vita Glass Sun Lounges. Dancing: Famous West Country Band.
Inclusive Terms from October-April—4½ gns. Weekly.
Apply Manager or London Office: 118, Newgate Street, E.C.

BORDIGHERA (Italian Riviera)
The favourite Resort of English People all the year Round
GOLF (9 holes), regular motor bus and tram services. TENNIS (16 first-class courts), English Social Club. English Church, School and Public Library. 25 first-class Hotels and Pensions. Moderate Terms. Regular Pullman Motor Car Services to San Remo and Monte Carlo-Nice. Winter Season October to May. From May to October the best Summer Bathing Season, at special greatly reduced terms.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS.

AGAY (Var)
HOTEL des ROCHES ROUGES
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SITUATION BETWEEN ST. RAPHAEL AND CANNES.
PENSION TERMS 65 TO 100 frs.

BEAULIEU-SUR-MER — All comfort
Terms from Fs. 50 — HOTEL VICTORIA

HYÈRES HOTEL DES AMBASSADEURS
Full South. Garden. Lovely view. Rooms with bath. Car to Golf.
Moderate Terms.

Monte Carlo—THE MIRABEAU
Unrivalled situation facing Sea and Casino. Up to date. Open all year.
F. SCHIPPER, *Man. Prop.*

NICE—ASTORIA HOTEL
PENSION FROM Frs. 70.

NICE—GD. HOTEL DU MONT-BORON.
Unique situation overlooking the Baie des Anges.
Every comfort. Terms from Frs. 60 incl. Motor service to Place Messéna.

ST. RAPHAEL—HOTEL BEAU-RIVAGE
The best situation on Sea Front.
Renowned Restaurant—Bar—Grill-room—Garage—Sea Bathing—Tennis—Casino.

ST RAPHAËL-THE HERMITAGE
Splendid position — Full South.
All comfort — Incl. Terms from Fs. 60.

GOLF HOTEL—VALESCURE
Dancing — Orchestra. On the Links.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp. — **Grand Hotel de Londres,** 58, Avenue de Keyser. The most modern and the best clientele.

FRANCE.

Amiens (Somme).—Grand Hotel & Restaurant Picardie.—Entirely new. First-class. A model of comfort. A.A., R.A.C.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais. Highest class res. hotel. Right up to date. Renowned cuisine & cellar. Phone ev.rm. V.lge.garden.

Cannes.—Balmoral.—Newly built. Reasonable prices. English director. Longhni, Prop., late Windsor, Monte Carlo.

Cannes. — **Hotel Beaulieu.** — Elevated Situation. Large Park. Tennis. Garage. Moderate Terms. Aeschliman, Propr.

Cannes.—Hotel Gonnet. On the Croisette. The old French cuisine. Inclusive terms from 19/-.

Cannes.—Hotel Royal.—Facing sea, on the Croisette. Open all year. Inclusive terms Fs. 60-120.

Winter in Corsica.
Splendid Hotel, Ile-Rousse.
Near Golf Links.

Hyères. — **Continental.** — Elevated. Fine sea view. Large park. Most comfortable. Inclusive terms from Frs. 45.

Juan-les-Pins.—Hostellerie des Pins Parasols.—Charming fam. hotel with quiet park nr. beach. Ev. com. Board Frs. 55 and up.

Les Lecques.—St. Cyr (nr. Toulon). Hostellerie de la Plage. Tennis. Sea view. Modern comfort. Pension from Frs. 50.

Marseilles.—Grand Hotel de Geneve. Restaurant overlooking Vieux Port. Moderate terms. Every comfort.

Megeve (Hte. Savoie).—Hotel du Mont d'Arbois. Ideal cen. ski-ing and win. sports. 4,166 ft. alt. All com. Rly. sta. Sallanches.

Menton (A.M.)—Two really good Hotels. **The Carlton.**—Seaside, most comfortable. **The Gallia.**—In its palm garden.

Menton.—Hotel Mediterranée.—150 rms. All comforts. Pos. quite central. Full sth. Very large garden. Tennis court. Concerts.

Hotel de Menton et du Midi.—Select residential hotel. Full south. Sea front, central. Famous restaurant.

Menton.—Hotel Royal and Westminster. Best known Hotel on the sea front. Moderate terms.

Menton.—Hotel de Venise.—World renowned. 200 rooms, 100 baths. In own park. Central. Sunny.

Menton.—Winter Palace.—Best situation. Every luxury. **Iles Britanniques.**—First class family hotel. Same management.

Monte Carlo (Monaco). — **Etrangers.** — Sunny and quiet. First class Hotel. Full pension, including tax, from Frs. 55.

Monte Carlo.—Grand Hotel National.—70 Rooms. Sea View. All Comforts. Full Pension from Frs. 45.

Monte Carlo. — **Hotel Windsor.** — High class family Hotel. Full South. Garden Spacious lounge and bridge room.

Nice.—Westminster.—On the Promenade des Anglais. Rooms from Fs. 50. Pension from Fs. 100.

FRANCE—*continued.*

Pau (B.Pyrenées).—Beaumont House, Place Royale, facing British Club: High-class family hotel. Moderate terms.

PARIS.

Atlantic Hotel.—44, Rue de Londres (near Gare St. Lazare).

Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

Fur. appts. for sojourn. **89 Av. de Neuilly, NEUILLY s/Seine.** Modern comf., near Bois de Boulogne. Fine view on garden.

Hotel du Rhone.—5, Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau, 5—(Louvre). All mod. com. Pen. terms: 9s. to 12s. Eng. speak. staff.

Hotel St. Petersbourg.—33/35 Rue Caumartin. Brit. fam. Hotel. Every mod. com. Same hotel: Hotel des Balances, Lucerne.

Terminus-Lyon Hotel.
Facing P.L.M. station.
Last comfort. Rooms from 25 Frs.

ITALY.

Bordighera. — **Hotel Continental.** — First class. All comfort. 40 private baths. Pension from 40 lire inc. Best cooking.

Sunny San Remo. — **The Royal.** — 200 rooms. 120 baths. Apply for our brochure. M. Bertolini, Proprietor.

SWITZERLAND.

Basle.—Hotel Schweizerhof.—Opp. Federal Railway Sta. First class, leading. Every mod. comf. Manag. Prop., E. Goetzinger.

Basle.—Grand Hotel Victoria-National.
First Class—Renovated.
Opposite the Central Station.

Berne.—Bellevue Palace and Bernerhof.—The only first-class Hotel overlooking river and Bernese Alps. Manager, F. Eggiman.

Chesières-Villars.—Le Chamossaire. Fam. Hotel. Bright and comfortable. Free service of sleighs to Villars, 10 minutes.

Geneva.—The Beau-Rivage. Leading Hotel for English and American Clientele. Facing the Lake and Mont Blanc.

Geneva.—Carlton Hotel.—Every comfort. Moderate charges. Beautiful park. View over lake and Mt. Blanc. Tennis. Garage. Ideal stay for a holiday.

Geneva.—Hotel de la Paix.—Facing Lake and Mont Blanc. Entirely up to date. New management. Former prices reduced.

Lausanne.—The Belvedere Hotel. 1st cl. fam. hotel. Hot and cold running water Priv. bathrooms. Inc. terms, Frs. 13 to 18.

Lausanne.—Grand Hotel de la Paix.—Beautifully situated, splendid view on lake and Alps. Restaurant-Grill. Echenard, Mgr

Lenzerheide.—Hotel Danis. 4,870 ft. a.s.l. 1st. cl. fam. and sp. hot. Avoid E. wind in Feb. & Mar. and enjoy sun in Lenzerheide

Pontresina (Engadine). The Schweizerhof for Win. Sports. Very sun. pos. H. and c. water. Terms from 17 frs. J. Walther, Man.

St. Moritz.—Hotel la Margna. Distinguished Family Hotel. Every Comfort. Moderate Terms. Band. E. Ulli, Manager.

The Bystander, January 14, 1931

The BYSTANDER

No. 1413 Vol. CIX.

Paul Tanqueray

LADY ASHLEY

A recent portrait of one of the most beautiful hostesses in Society. Her husband is the elder son and heir of the Earl of Shaftesbury

Sport and General

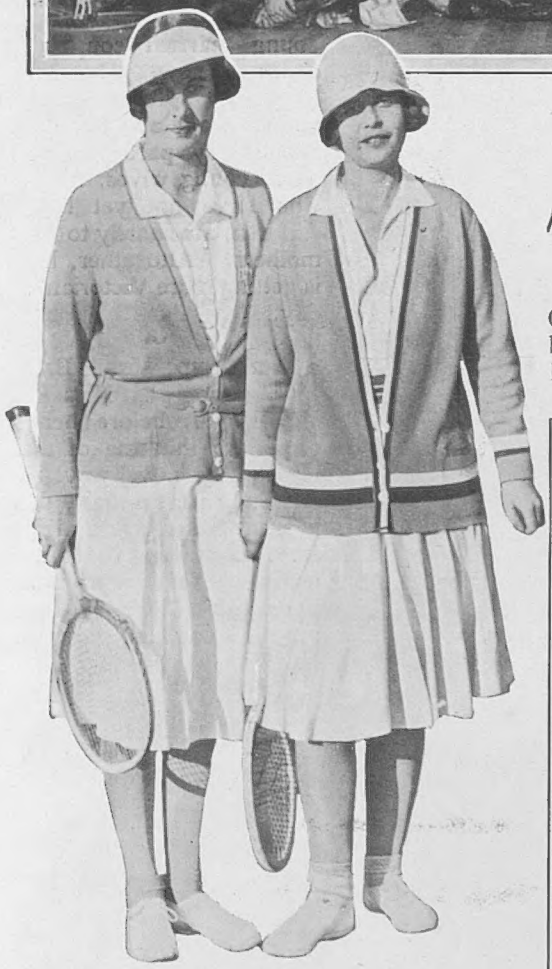
A view through the trees of some of the courts at the Beau Site Club at Cannes, where an open tournament was held recently. G. L. Lyttleton Rogers, the tall Irishman, who is always at his best on the Riviera, won the Men's Singles, beating R. Aeschliman in the final, whilst the Women's Singles fell to the veteran Californian, Miss Elizabeth Ryan, who beat Mrs. Phyllis Satterthwaite. In the final of the Men's Doubles, R. Aeschliman and E. Worms triumphed over Lyttleton Rogers and Brame Hillyard

the passing hour

ON THE DEVON RIVIERA

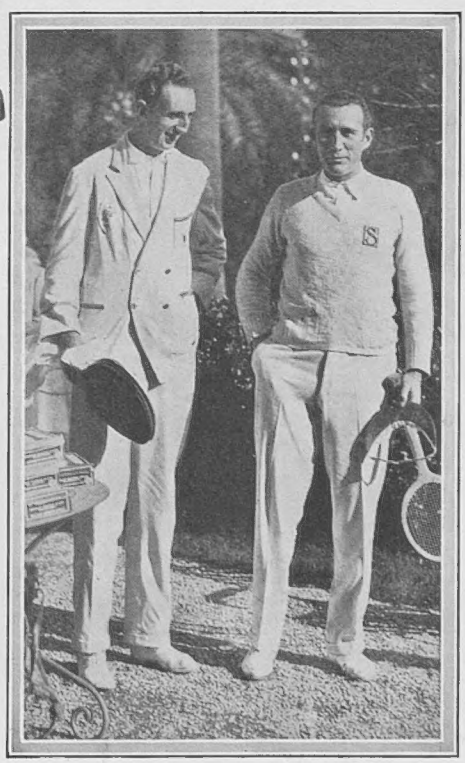
Some of the three hundred guests who attended the Fancy Dress Parade and Ball at the Palace Hotel, Torquay, on New Year's Eve. The dresses worn were remarkably attractive in the competition for the valuable prizes, numbering eight in all

THE Prince of Wales and Prince George, who leave to-morrow (Thursday) for South America in the Oropesa, will not be affected by the Court mourning for the Princess Royal on their journey. Incidentally, I am told by someone at Court that the Princess Royal never really recovered from the effect and the shock of the shipwreck in which she and the late Duke of Fife were involved many years ago. In the meantime, I gather that though it is the King's intention to make Princess Mary the Princess Royal, this will not be done for some years, say three or four, in order to prevent confusion. This happened last time the title fell vacant.



Sport and General

Miss Worthington-Evans and Mrs. Smallwood, two of the competitors in the recent lawn tennis tournament at Cannes. It took place on the Beau Site Club's courts



G. L. Lyttleton Rogers, of Ireland (left), and the Swiss player, C. F. Aeschliman, whom he beat in the final of the singles at the Beau Site Tournament. The score was 8—6, 6—1, 3—6, 7—5

Sport and General

A MAN who travelled on the Oropesa on the same trip a year ago was telling me yesterday that though she is comfortable, the cabins are very small. Indeed, though he was on his honeymoon, he found it necessary to charter two cabins for his wife and himself. The Prince will doubtless miss his squash racquets for the month in which he is on the Oropesa, and it will take many turns of the deck to equalise the good effects of, say, five games of squash. The Prince is taking his own motor car with him. It was to be seen the other day near Captain Malcolm Campbell's monster car.

TROUBLE IN CLUBLAND

Central News

THE ARGENTINE IN LONDON

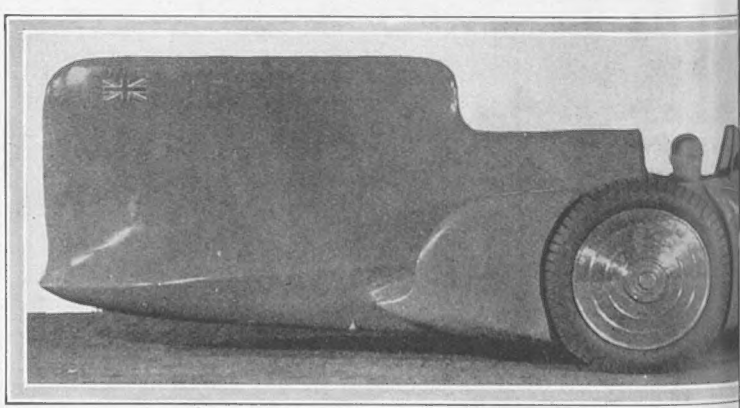
A photograph taken at the opening at the Tate Gallery of an exhibition of paintings by the famous Argentine artist, Sr. Cesareo Bernaldo de Quiros, of scenes of Gaucho life. Included in the group are Sr. Carlos Miguens, of the Argentine Embassy (left), Lt. Colonel Woodbine Parrish, C.B., C.M.G., Chairman of the Argentine Club, the artist and his wife, Sr. José Evaristo Uriburu, the Argentine Ambassador, Mr. J. B. Mason, Director of the Tate Gallery, and Mr R. B. Cunninghame Graham

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim and his family photographed on the Riviera. Seen above are Mr. Nevill Downes and his wife, (née Geraldine Phillips Oppenheim), Mrs. Oppenheim and the ever popular author, "Oppy," as he is known to all his friends. The "Oppies" are very well known along the Côte d'Azur, where they have a charming villa at Cagnes

THERE has been a great deal of talk about the card scandal at "a well-known social club" during the past few days. Why the newspaper which first referred to it did not do the job thoroughly and say that it was the St. James's Club I do not know. Everyone in clubland, I gather, knew that it was, and most of the details. Some years ago the St. James's decided to pass a rule that in future doctors, barristers, and solicitors—I think these were the three professions—were to be ineligible for membership. Now the members are wondering which of them it was who gave the story to Fleet Street, and some of them are actually suggesting that any member who has ever written for a newspaper should be made to resign. What nonsense!

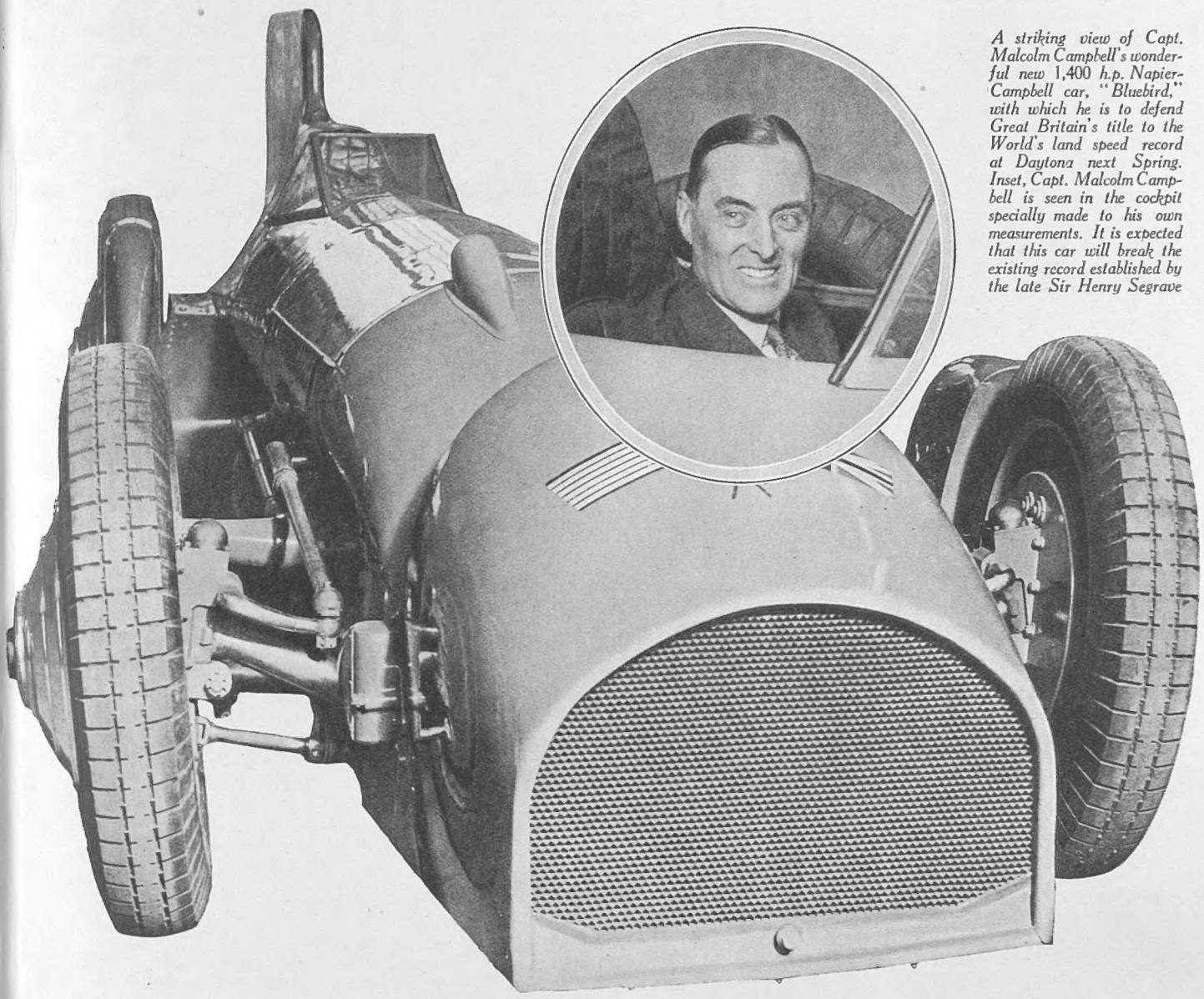
ANOTHER excitement in Mayfair is the much-talked-of possibility of a divorce between two very well-known people who have been married for only two years. This is an exception to the general rule, because having babies now is as fashionable here as it seems to be in Hollywood. Nearly all the young married couples have children now, whom they frequently produce at the tenderest age at their cocktail and sherry parties. Several other young wives, moreover, who have not yet had any children, are shortly to become mothers. Altogether, Mayfair is getting more Victorian every day.

MR. AND MRS. BALFOUR (who was Miss Deidre Hart-Davies before her marriage) are thinking of making money in a novel way. Their idea is to start a really de luxe hotel at Oxford, £1 a night just for a room being the minimum charge. This seems to me a very good idea. There is always something going on at



The side view of the "Bluebird," the Napier-Campbell racing car, in which Ca

BRITAIN'S NEW BID FOR SUPREMACY

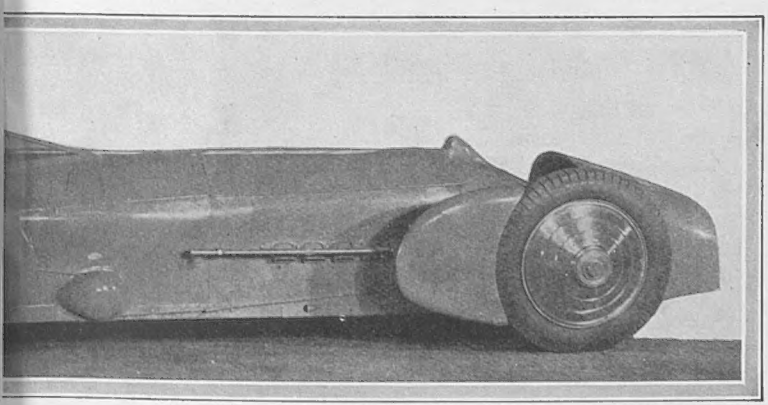


A striking view of Capt. Malcolm Campbell's wonderful new 1,400 h.p. Napier-Campbell car, "Bluebird," with which he is to defend Great Britain's title to the World's land speed record at Daytona next Spring. Inset, Capt. Malcolm Campbell is seen in the cockpit specially made to his own measurements. It is expected that this car will break the existing record established by the late Sir Henry Segrave

Photographs *Central News*

Oxford, and, without disparaging any of the present hotels, nobody can pretend that there is a single new hotel in the whole city. Americans and undergraduates' relatives would be glad if this deficiency could be righted; and no doubt Sir William Morris would too.

I DO not know whether Sir William is going to be present at the Safety First banquet at the Vintners' Hall this week. But I know that Sir Herbert Austin has promised to be there. The guests of honour include Lord Northampton and Sir Arthur Griffiths-Boscawen, who, despite the latter part of his surname, is no relation to Lord Falmouth. The Dowager Lady Falmouth is now on a visit to Africa to see her younger son, who lives out there. Her daughter, the Hon. Pamela Boscawen, known on the stage as Pamela Carme, is doing very well in the talkies now.



Sport and General

Malcolm Campbell will make his attack on the World's land speed record

THE Persian Exhibition seems to be a great success, and you can see there anything from a four-hundred-year-old carpet to a mediæval spittoon. At the private view the Aga Khan was present, being wheeled round in a bathchair. Lady Chamberlain was with him. The most interesting single exhibit is the famous Milanese Hunting Carpet, which was completed in 1521, and is taken as the standard by which all other carpets are judged. It has the most marvellous reds of every shade in it, and it is unbelievably thin when you look at it from the side.

THE carpets, indeed, are by far the most important part of the Exhibition. We, as a nation, are not educated

PERSIAN ART IN LONDON

Special Press

Mr. Philip Freeman-Taylor, the Norfolk Regiment, and his bride, Miss Nadine Williamson, the only child of Mrs. E. T. Scarisbrick, leaving All Saints' Church, Ennismore Gardens, after their wedding last week. The pages in attendance were Masters Tony and Peter Scarisbrick, Vivian and Michael Naylor-Leyland and John Currie, Mr. H. Long, of the Norfolk Regiment, being the best man

L.N.A.

Mr. William Arthur Steward, Managing Director of Romano's, the historic Bohemian restaurant in the Strand, with his bride, Miss Fanny Shapiro. They were married last week at the Henrietta Street Register Office

Miss Thereza Jessie Hawes, whose engagement has been announced to Mr. Frederick William Fitzjohn Oldham, the only son of the late Sir Ernest Fitzjohn Oldham and of Lady Oldham. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Hawes, of 171, Victoria St., S.W., and Holly Hill, Meopham, Kent

up to Persian art, except in this one way. The most wonderful lettuce - greens and sulphur-yellows are to be found at Burlington House. Frankly, though, I was disappointed in the jewellery, which was said to be so valuable. To a Western way of thinking, it is all too barbaric and clumsy to be exquisite—and that is surely what the best jewellery should aim at being. I doubt very much whether the Exhibition is likely to affect women's fashions, unless the designers copy some of the patterns for curtains or evening cloaks, and some of the colours for tweeds and evening frocks.

As our Riviera correspondent was pointing out last week, midget golf has taken a new lease of life in the South of France; at Menton they give away bottles of champagne for the best scores, so that it is not at all surprising. Another innovation on the Riviera is the installation of a long-distance coastwise seaplane service. Its headquarters are at Antibes, and it will operate on a route between Bordeaux and Turin, by way of Marseilles, Cannes, Nice, and Genoa. If you want to, moreover, you can fly to Ajaccio, in Corsica, and thus save the tiresome sea voyage. The journey is performed by a large closed machine with accommodation for six passengers, and is equipped with wireless.

MINIATURE golf has arrived in the palm gardens of many of the Cannes hotels, too. The latest to be equipped with it is the Grand. Its gardens are almost the last of the beauty spots on the Croisette. Miss Nina Wilcox Putnam, Sir Harry and Lady Ross Skinner, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Gilligan, and the Marquis de Saint Mare were there on the opening day.

GAIETY ON THE RIVIERA

Hay Wrightson

MISS DIANA VON VERSEN

The elder daughter of Baroness Versen, niece of the late Viscount Pirrie. Her marriage to Mr. Stephen Philip de Laszlo, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Philip de Laszlo, of Fitzjohn's Avenue, N.W., takes place to-day (January 14), at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

L.N.A.

MISS DIANA GROVE

Whose engagement to Lord Bury, the son and heir of the Earl of Albemarle, has been announced. She is the daughter of the late Mr. John Grove and of Mrs. John Grove, of Allen House, Allen Street, W.1

Lenare

MISS KATHLEEN JAQUES

The daughter of the late Mr. I. S. Jaques and of Mrs. Jaques, of Abingdon Villas, Kensington. Her wedding will take place shortly to Mr. Kenneth Briggs Constable, the elder son of the late Lord Constable and of Lady Constable

As you have probably heard, writes our correspondent on the spot, the Riviera came into its own on New Year's Eve; I have seldom seen more people or more enthusiasm for a number of years. The Ambassadeurs at Cannes was, I am told, a marvellous sight, 600 people going extremely gay in that very beautiful restaurant.

I can personally vouch for the gaiety of Monte Carlo, where tables could not be had for love or money either at the Metropôle or the Café de Paris, and as the new Carlton has reopened and Abreks is going strong, there was very little excuse for any of us to go to bed until about 7 a.m.

The Sporting Club, Monte Carlo, is now a very cheery meeting place. The Duchess of Sutherland looked particularly lovely the other night, and so did Princess Illinsky, the Grand Duke Dimitri's wife.

Raphael

An exclusive photograph of Lady Mary Cambridge, the only daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Cambridge, who will be present at the Peter Pan party to be held at Claridge's to-day, January 14. Her mother will act as hostess at this party

Much has been whispered in the papers as to the dishonesty of Riviera gambling. I, at any rate, have seen the reverse—money forced upon an unwilling winner. Mr. Phillips Oppenheim was playing his particular game; to him it would be sacrilege to back any but his favourite numbers. A croupier, making his stakes, asked how many louis he wished to place.

"Cinq" he answered.

Misunderstanding they promptly backed five for him, and when it turned up I have never seen a more astonished man having money thrust into his unwilling hands! A German banker won a million francs in under two hours in the Club the other day, and for roulette that is surely a record in speed.

A word must be said for the super-excellence of the gala at the Hotel de Paris on New Year's Day, a proof being that everyone really enjoyed it, and, as most of us had been up till all hours that morning

WHERE THE WOMEN SCORE

Central Press

Earl Beatty in the saddle again following his recent accident. He is seen attending a recent meet of the Pytchley at Hazelbeach

it's saying a good deal. Every woman exclaimed at the beauty of her present; exquisite cut-glass scent bottles filled with wonderful scent. I find men are getting restless about our luck. A male friend wishes to arrange a gala with presents "for men only."

The band was perfect. The negro plantation band, I mean—of the Argentine one I am no judge, being unable to dance a tango, and therefore think it most unsuitable to the English temperament and figure. Nevertheless, for our national prestige there are many English women here whom I wish shared my point of view!

Bertram Park

VISCOUNTESS FURNESS

The Deputy Chairman of Charlot's Midnight Cabaret Ball. It is to be held at the Hyde Park Hotel on January 20. Lady Furness, who married Lord Furness in 1926, is the daughter of Mr. Harry Hays Morgan, the U.S.A. Consul-General at Buenos Aires

Alfieri

The late Sir Ian Heathcoat Amory, Bart., M.F.H., of Knightshayes Court, Tiverton, Devon, whose recent death was the unhappy sequel to an accident in the hunting field, seen with Lady Amory at a meet. Sir Ian hunted the Tiverton pack, the Mastership of which he took over in 1910

THE other morning in the pouring rain —I must admit an occasional drop of moisture reaches us here—I was amazed to see Mr. Tom Webster strolling in immaculate white flannels. On expressing surprise he explained he'd been opening a midget golf course, and felt it was the only possible costume in which to do the honours. He had been photographed many times that morning, and although usually able to put on a sunny smile, he confided to me that owing to a late night, every time he heard the click of the camera he was either yawning or clutching his head with both hands!

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

GLANGESIA is running into winning form. Was a "hot pot" at Plumpton when he failed by a length and a half to reach Amberwave over a three miles 'chase.

GRAKLE should not be left out of consideration in a wagering sense from now onwards. He had too much weight to carry in the Victory Steeplechase, but jumped fluently throughout.

MICHALMAS DAY is now about at his best, and should be followed over hurdles.

THE WRECKER has run consistently well in good company over hurdles and should be considered a likely winner in the near future.

INSURANCE is the smartest of the young hurdlers and should be backed until he loses. Scored at his ease at Kempton.

CHERRY DUCK is on the up grade. Will be better at three than two miles. Mark him down as a likely winner of a 'chase over this distance.

WITH THE CAMERA IN THE HUNTING FIELD

L.N.A.

Young riders at the children's Meet of the East Essex Hunt at Braxted Park, near Witham. With them is Mr. A. K. Motion, the Master of the East Essex, who presented a prize for the best-turned-out pony

L. N. A.

Another photograph taken at the Children's Meet of the East Essex Hunt at Braxted Park. The placid resignation of the pack suggests that they were not anticipating an exhausting day's work

Central Press

Lady Cowley at the recent meet of the Pytchley at Hazelbeach. She recently sustained an accident when her car was involved in a collision

THE Casino at that most attractive place, Juan-les-Pins, has just had a very successful opening for its winter season, when it was packed with people curious to see the newly decorated "baccarat" room, which has had to be enlarged owing to its phenomenal success during the summer.

THE snow has at last come to the Engadine and the Bernese Oberland, but it has never been so late before. In consequence there has been a number of minor accidents. At Mürren the King of the Belgians has been showing his pluck and prowess on skis, accompanied by his Queen and Sir Claud Schuster. And the going has been none too easy. Incidentally, Sir Henry Lunn has written to me in connection with my comment on the inability of visiting English doctors to practise in Switzerland. He points out that Swiss doctors visiting England cannot do so either in the normal way. That is very true, but the occasions when an English doctor is wanted in Switzerland are always a matter of urgency, and the hard-worked local doctor may not be able to come for hours.

ONE advantage of a register office wedding over that of a big church affair is that it is far less exhausting. No couple married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, would have the stamina to give a wedding dinner party to sixty guests the same day. That is, however, what Mr. Steward, the twenty-nine-year-old managing director of Romano's and the Florence, did last week after his marriage that morning in the Register Office in Henrietta Street. The party was given in Romano's, and the ordinary guests must have been very much intrigued when the Wedding March was played as a foxtrot the moment the newly married couple took the dance floor.

AMONG the guests was Lady Terrington, who has just written a book called "All That For Nothing." I gather that Lord Terrington was not too anxious for its publication. Lady Terrington, however, has been a journalist for over a year now on a provincial Sunday newspaper, and feels that she is justified in writing a book just as much as anyone else who supports herself or himself by the pen. I have not read the book yet, but I certainly intend to do so.

AT THE COLISEUM

Phyllis Neilson-Terry, who is paying a return visit to the Coliseum this week and next. She has made a very big hit on the variety stage as a vocalist

GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

I WANT Mayfair double owe four three . . . damn. . . . Hello, is that you Baa, darling? . . . Yes, it's Moo. . . . How are you, my dear? . . . I feel exactly like a whisky without a soda. . . . That's right—flat . . . only I mustn't be; curves are in to stay . . . what? . . . Things are moving along. . . . Prince George's shoulder, I hear, is well on the mend . . . he's even been seen about Norfolk *quite* lately . . . yes, *quite* lately. . .

Oh, only fairly amusing. Such a lot of people are already abroad. Lois and Evan Morgan, with Teddy and his sister, Betty Hulton, are in Egypt, my dear. . . . After much argument they all went by train, although Lois was tempted for some time by the joys of flying. Lois and Betty have more vitality and energy than anyone I know. . . . Whenever they appear voices and spirits are raised, and even the dullest party becomes a success.

* * *

Don't know how Mr. Baldwin will get on without Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell, the Chief Whip, you know. . . . No, he's not resigned, but gone to Madeira. Lots going on there, I'm told, but he will not find the Uncrowned King of Madeira at home because Americo da Silva—most hospitable and amusing of hosts—is in London for ten days . . . he was Governor of Madeira, y'know, all during the War, and now that Portugal has given up having a resident Governor he still reigns supreme because he is adored by the whole island. . . . He was married last February to Grace King, and they have a lovely villa overlooking Funchal Harbour. . . .

* * *

Switzerland, of course, is as popular as ever, and everyone is rushing to theatrical costumiers in search of original fancy dresses. . . . Lord Carlow arrived there last week with Ian Menzies; . . . Princess George Imeretinsky is off in a day or two, and the de Winton Wills are collecting together a large party. . . . Sonia Cubit is lucky enough to be visiting the West Indies, and will be away until the end of March, but she needs a rest because she had her appendix out only a month or so ago, and still feels rather limp. . . .

* * *

What? I can't hear . . . Geoffrey has really proposed at last? I am glad . . . better late than never, I suppose . . . there seem so few marriages in the air compared with the usual New Year's harvest, but I hear that one of the elite of the Society journalists is to announce his engagement to a lady well endowed with this world's goods.

* * *

Yes, my dear, Lord and Lady Stonehaven are at Stonehaven until the end of January . . . everyone was delighted to welcome them home after five years in Australia . . . she is such fun . . . it seems absurd that her daughter has been married five years and that her son just leaving for India should be over twenty . . . Effie Stonehaven is greatly interested in psychic and spiritual matters, but as her uncle is that well-known authority and writer, Algernon Blackwood, it is not surprising . . . in the family, no doubt.

* * *

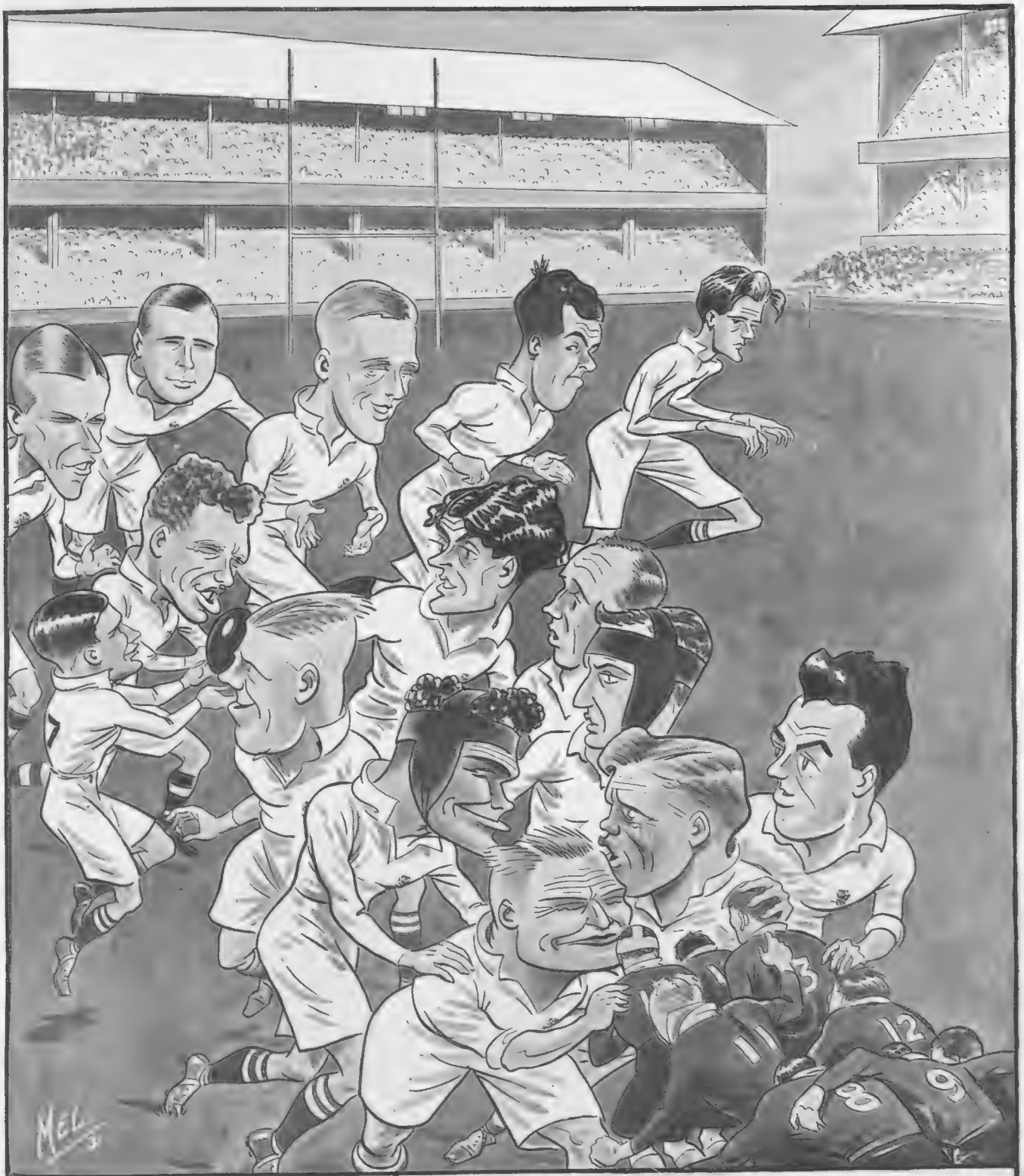
Talking of ghosts, a terrified housemaid in a well-known castle told an hysterical story on New Year's Day of a ghost in a deep-red robe, who hid his face as he passed her noiselessly in a dark passage . . . the next evening three young men in the party went to the bathroom in coats proclaiming they had forgotten their dressing-gowns, and all three subsequently insisted on packing for themselves. . . .

* * *

By the way, do you know the mixed ingredients which nowadays make a good party? Take a large portion of good-looking men, many famous stage folk, a few debutantes, a literary flavour, several amusing and beautiful young married women, a sprinkling of celebrities, mix well with excellent champagne, and serve to the murmur of a perfect band. Now what do you think of that for a perfect recipe?

* * *

Well, I must ring off now . . . there will be many more excitements by next week, I expect, and I'll store them all up to tell you . . . by the way, do you know the latest toast? "God keep you—I wish I could." . . . Good-bye, dear. . . .



FULL BACK. L. L. BEDFORD.* Headingley.

THREE-QUARTERS. C. D. AARVOLD, Headingley. R. Wing. D. W. BURLAND,* Bristol. R. Centre. M. A. McCANLIS.* Old Cranl'ns & Gloucester. L. Centre. J. S. R. REEVE. Harlequins. L. Wing.

STAND-OFF HALF. T. J. M. BARRINGTON.* Bristol.

FORWARDS. Back Row. R. F. DAVEY,* Leyfonstone. P. D. HOWARD Oxford University. D. H. SWAYNE* Oxford University.

SCRUM HALF. E. B. POPE.* Blackheath.

Middle Row. J. W. FORREST, Royal Navy. B. H. BLACK. Blackheath.

Front Row. H. REW. Army. J. S. TUCKER Captain. Bristol. M. S. BONAVENTURA* Blackheath.

* New Internationals

BY MEL

Impressions of the English XV to oppose Wales at Twickenham on Saturday next, January 17. There are eight new caps in the team, which is skippered by J. S. Tucker, of Bristol

AT THE PLAY

A LOOK ROUND THE THEATRES

On Plays in General

SOME of my brother critics have devoted space of late to discussing the successes and failures of the last theatrical year and plumping for the best actor and actress, while one of them went so far as to mention who was the best dramatic critic, and, with a self-abnegation which I cannot but applaud, did not mention his own name! Can you imagine a prima donna acting likewise? As the season of goodwill has not entirely passed I will answer my own query with a resounding "yes"!

PERSONALLY, I cannot say who is our best actor or actress, or which is the best play. Could one, for instance, compare *Hamlet*—which was revived twice at least in 1930—and *It's a Boy*? Who can say if Sybil Thorndike excels Maisie Gay or whether Sir Gerald du Maurier is a better actor than Billy Bennett? What I can say is that the late theatrical year has produced some first-class entertainments, and some of these are running now.

TAKE *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, at the Queen's Theatre. The production of Rudolph Besier's historical comedy would have made any theatrical year worthy of note and, compared with others of the same genre, it is as moonlight unto sunlight, as Drinkwater unto wine. This love story of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, beautifully played by Gwen ffrangcon-Davies, is not only a good play, but also a faithful mirror of earlier Victorian days, and it is hardly the fault of the dramatist that his love story is almost relegated to the background by the overpowering performance by Cedric Hardwicke of Mr. Barrett père, which proves him to be the finest—I must be careful not to contradict myself—*one* of the finest actors of the present day.

WE have been told that farce is dead, but in 1930 it proved a very lively corpse, and at least two companies in London know how to handle this fare. Where would you find better team work and production, which means so much in farce, than in *Marry the Girl*, at the Aldwych, or funnier foolery than that provided by those gorgeous contrasts, Leslie Henson and Sidney Howard in *It's a Boy*, which has once more put the Strand Theatre on the theatrical map?

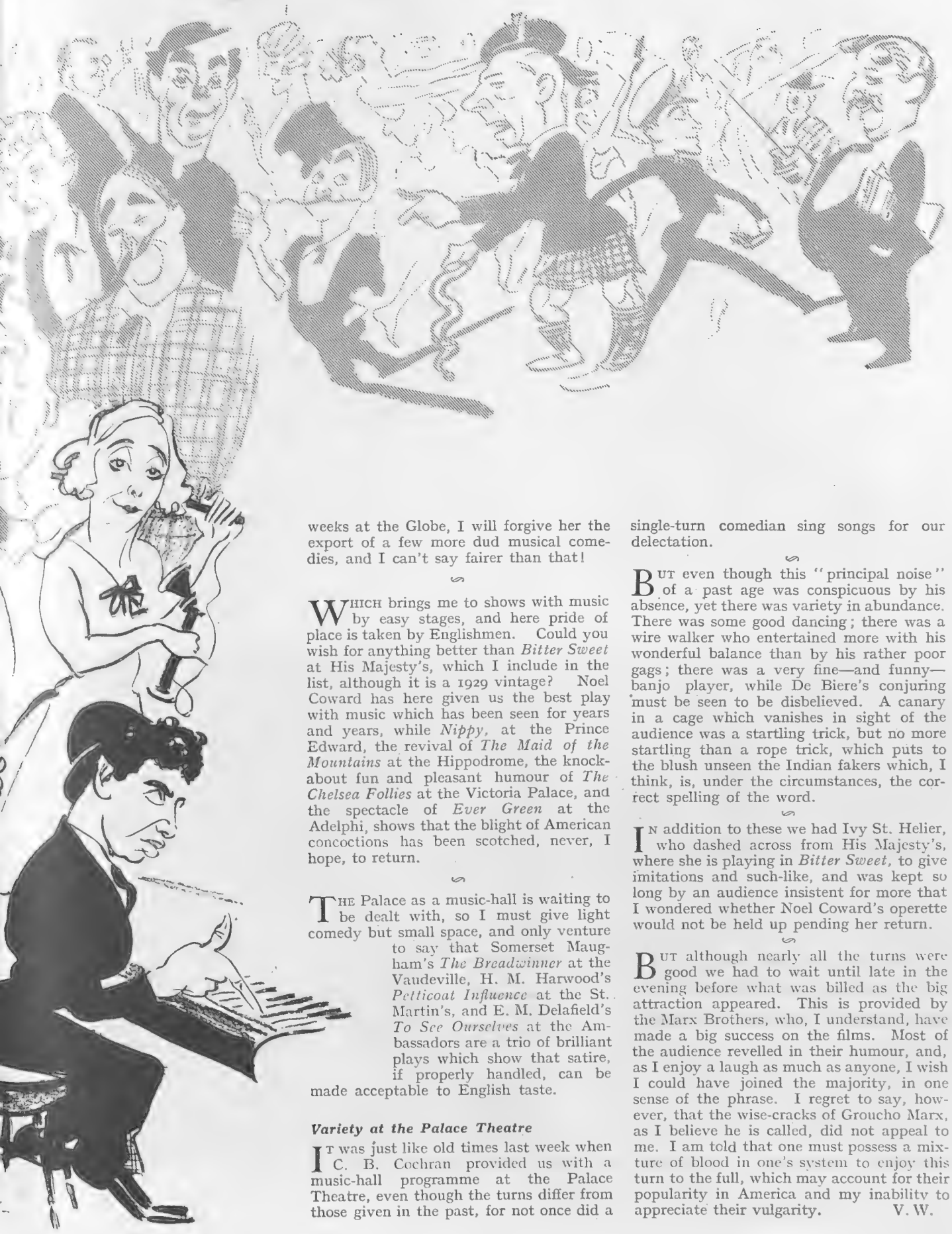
HOW about drama? Well, here the harvest has not been so rich, but Edgar Wallace has been "On the Spot," and if only America will send us along another as gripping a slice of life as *Street Scene*, now in its last

SKETCHES OF VARIETY AT THE PALACE THEATRE
BY
H. H. HARRIS

The Palace Theatre has once more 'verted to variety, and the principal turn is seen on the right. This is provided by the Marx Brothers. Ivy St. Helier is also included in the bill, and she is the figure just behind the Marx Brothers, making use of the telephone

Melodious and other memories of the Palace Theatre are recalled by those in the background, where will be seen famous artistes who appeared there in times past. Yvette Guilbert, Harry Tate, Alfred Lester, Vesta Tilley, "That" (Jas. W. Tate) and Clarice Mayne, separated by George Robey, Little Tich, Harry Lauder and Nelson Keys, will all be recognised, while in the right-hand corner, but not "In the Shadows," is Herman Finck, who, in addition to being musical director, delighted audiences with his lilting melodies

PARTICULARLY THE PALACE

By Vernon Woodhouse

weeks at the Globe, I will forgive her the export of a few more dud musical comedies, and I can't say fairer than that!

WHICH brings me to shows with music by easy stages, and here pride of place is taken by Englishmen. Could you wish for anything better than *Bitter Sweet* at His Majesty's, which I include in the list, although it is a 1929 vintage? Noel Coward has here given us the best play with music which has been seen for years and years, while *Nippy*, at the Prince Edward, the revival of *The Maid of the Mountains* at the Hippodrome, the knock-about fun and pleasant humour of *The Chelsea Follies* at the Victoria Palace, and the spectacle of *Ever Green* at the Adelphi, shows that the blight of American concoctions has been scotched, never, I hope, to return.

THE Palace as a music-hall is waiting to be dealt with, so I must give light comedy but small space, and only venture to say that Somerset Maugham's *The Breadwinner* at the Vaudeville, H. M. Harwood's *Petticoat Influence* at the St. Martin's, and E. M. Delafield's *To See Ourselves* at the Ambassadors are a trio of brilliant plays which show that satire, if properly handled, can be made acceptable to English taste.

Variety at the Palace Theatre

IT was just like old times last week when C. B. Cochran provided us with a music-hall programme at the Palace Theatre, even though the turns differ from those given in the past, for not once did a single-turn comedian sing songs for our delectation.

BUT even though this "principal noise" of a past age was conspicuous by his absence, yet there was variety in abundance. There was some good dancing; there was a wire walker who entertained more with his wonderful balance than by his rather poor gags; there was a very fine—and funny—banjo player, while De Biere's conjuring must be seen to be disbelieved. A canary in a cage which vanishes in sight of the audience was a startling trick, but no more startling than a rope trick, which puts to the blush unseen the Indian fakers which, I think, is, under the circumstances, the correct spelling of the word.

IN addition to these we had Ivy St. Helier, who dashed across from His Majesty's, where she is playing in *Bitter Sweet*, to give imitations and such-like, and was kept so long by an audience insistent for more that I wondered whether Noel Coward's operette would not be held up pending her return.

BUT although nearly all the turns were good we had to wait until late in the evening before what was billed as the big attraction appeared. This is provided by the Marx Brothers, who, I understand, have made a big success on the films. Most of the audience revelled in their humour, and, as I enjoy a laugh as much as anyone, I wish I could have joined the majority, in one sense of the phrase. I regret to say, however, that the wise-cracks of Groucho Marx, as I believe he is called, did not appeal to me. I am told that one must possess a mixture of blood in one's system to enjoy this turn to the full, which may account for their popularity in America and my inability to appreciate their vulgarity. V. W.

DRURY LANE'S DELAYED DRAMA "The Song of the Drum"

Clarice Hardwicke and Bobby Howes enjoying a life on the ocean wave—more or less

The hero and heroine (Helen Gilliland and Derek Oldham) engaged in a "ringing" duet

Photographs

Ivan Berlyn as a bold bad villain, complete with heavy Oriental make-up and evil-looking knife

Stage Photo Co.

Allan Jeayes as the Ilkhani attempts a little "rough stuff" with his English guest (Helen Gilliland)

BY JAY GEE

"No wonder you've got rheumatism—look what a wet blanket your wife is!"

If Gossip We Must.

EDITH DAY

The famous musical comedy star, who is the latest recruit to the Variety stage. She is making her initial appearance at the Coliseum in an engagement that concludes on Saturday next

BOYS, small and large, will soon be going back to school now (there's nothing like starting on a bright note), and they will do so with their ears ringing with a portentous discussion about the essential wrongness of the public-school system in general and the iniquities of fagging in particular. Well, perhaps that is better than being told that "one's schooldays are the happiest in one's life" and various other homilies about making nice new friends and the holidays coming round again "before you know where you are." And the views of Miss Ursula Bloom, in whatever direction she turns her facile pen, can usually afford a certain amount of amusement, even when she turns it to analysing a system by which she naturally has extensive inside knowledge—the public-school system.

MISS BLOOM thinks the system, with its school mottoes, old boys' ties, and so forth, "all tommy-rot." And, as to fagging, she horrifies us with a story of an old man she met who couldn't lift his elbow (that is always a tragedy) because, years ago, a brutal fagmaster had broken his arm.

MISS BLOOM thinks all this could be remedied if there were more co-operation between parents and schoolmasters. In other words, that parents should be allowed to interfere as often and as much as they pleased. Mr. Jones—or, more probably, Mrs. Jones—will hover about classrooms to see whether little Johnny Jones is liking his Latin lesson, or whether the new science master has a kind face.

AND there will be the most unholy rows and muddles, and the whole system will collapse in a fortnight, and the person who will suffer most will be little Johnny Jones, and Miss Bloom will promptly write another "powerful" article about something else in which she is equally expert, and the world will still go on. What a game it is!

Cigrim

Miss Osyth Cay and Miss Jane Prinsep, whose songs are having a well-earned success in cabaret. Miss Cay writes the lyrics and Miss Prinsep the music of their songs, which are nearly all dance numbers

BY WILSON FENNING

THE MAID: 'Master s off to squash racquets'
THE GARDENER: "Yes, an' I'll bet 'e can't 'alf squash 'em, too, when 'e starts!"

BY way of a New Year's present we have the Income Tax demand notes, and whispers of tighter squeezing and more drastic methods of collecting. And, by a vivid coincidence, the T.U.C. make their demand for doles without contribution. If acceded to—and this the Government is quite likely to do—there will vanish all pretence of regarding the dole as a form of insurance, and all excuse for Socialists objecting to the word dole as inaccurate and offensive.

I BELIEVE it to be a fact that the majority of working men now unemployed prefer work to the dole.

MIRTH-MAKERS AND THE CAMERA

Ralph Lynn, as the Defendant in the breach of promise action, wishes the Plaintiff (Winifred Shotter) the very best of luck. A scene from "Marry the Girl," the farce now running at the Aldwych

there is no point in libelling decent people down on their luck largely through the imbecile doings of a Government which most of them have been gulled into supporting. But tens of thousands of men, and women too, do prefer to exist in idleness on the charity of other people, and often in idleness adorned with plenty of amusement. Perfectly accredited instances of work being refused, and cinemas and so forth being visited by dole-takers, are becoming too frequent to be ignored.

ONE way of combating this is by disfranchisement. Even a Socialist Government would not pander to dole-takers if each person going on the dole were to mean a vote lost to them. Their policy of being amazingly generous with money that is not their own would not pay to anything like the same extent. That "taxation without representation is tyranny" is none the less true for being a well-worn phrase. I would prefer, however, at this present juncture to hear more of a new one—"No representation without taxation." And if an individual so far from paying anything towards keeping the country going actually receives the means of existence from that country there is no reason why he, or she, should have any say in the direction of that country.

S

AS for the position of the tiny body of harassed Income Tax payers, they could effectively check the continual increase of the burden placed on them. They could strike and simply refuse to pay. If this is an illegal suggestion, it is no more illegal than the General Strike and other strikes of the non-Income Tax payers, which the Socialists are now seeking to legalise. And it has equity and a sense of justice behind it.

S

IT is tyrannical and immoral to make a few people pay far more than their share while something like twenty millions escape practically scot-free. Most of the talk about indirect taxation is utter humbug. What does a person who doesn't smoke or drink or pay Income Tax (and there are plenty of 'em) contribute towards the upkeep of the country? Absolutely nothing. A. P. Herbert's suggestion of an Income Tax payers' strike was, I believe, intended quite seriously. The only thing essential to the success of it is unity, and about the possibility of this I am not optimistic. But if, say, fifty thousand people combined the thing would be done. You can't send fifty thousand people to prison, or sell 'em up. The muddle would bring the Government to their senses, and make them look ridi-

Janet Jevons

MARJORIE BROOKS

The attractive blonde, who scores a big personal success in that winner among farces, "It's a Boy," at the Strand Theatre

THE CULT OF MR. PICKWICK

A portion of the grill room at the Trocadero as it appeared when transformed into a Dickens room for the New Year's Eve celebrations, when the waiters wore the side whiskers of the period. The centre panel depicts Mr. Pickwick boarding the Rochester coach in La Belle Sauvage Yard

culous. The French would have done this long ago in such circumstances. For though the Frenchman is quite willing to die for his country, he will jib, and jib hard, the moment he is asked to pay through the nose for it.

I WAS thinking of strikes when dear old Charles Pond recited the other night that inimitable piece of satire, "When I Lays Darn My Tools, I Lays 'Em Darn," which he followed, of course, by his famous "Fully-licensed Man." Charlie Pond is one of the most remarkable men I know. He is a true Dickens character, with his frock-coat and top-hat (I have never seen him wear anything else). What is more, his recitations, which he writes himself, are the nearest approach we have to-day to Dickens's own work. They are not in any sense a copy; it is rather that the genius of both men runs on the same lines. It was at a cosy little gathering at the Adelphi Hotel, where Dickens himself often stayed, and made his characters stay, too, that Charlie Pond was reciting on this (for me, at any rate) momentous occasion. He is nearly eighty now, I believe. But his voice is as strong as ever, and the movements of his hands—he is a born actor—as expressive. Why doesn't somebody make a talkie-film of him and enshrine him for posterity?

THERE is room, of course, for all types of humour, but that of the Four Marx Brothers, which I experienced the following night at the Palace, came in rather sharp contrast. It is not my province here to criticise them. "Mortifying the flesh" is, I believe, an admirable thing to do at certain seasons of the year, particularly after Christmas and New Year festivities. All I can say is that the Marx Brothers "in the flesh" (vide advertisements) mortified mine considerably. Charlie Cochran has, however, provided on the whole an excellent variety programme, and it is a good thing to have again in London a music-hall for "dropping into" for an hour or so after dinner.

QUITE like old times was it to see at the Palace on that opening night some of the old habitués. I almost expected to catch sight of the ghost of old Charlie Morton (we seem to have a lot of Charlies in these columns for the moment) standing at the back of the promenade and putting a cup of bread and milk into his white whiskers. He knew more about running music-halls than any man who ever lived—and he looked like a venerable Methodist parson. Herman Finck was there—"in the flesh"—and full of puns and stories and reminiscences of the many years during which he was the Palace's musical director. It would have been

SORDIDNESS? BEGONE!

Mr. Edward Shortt, the Film Censor, who has stated that he proposes to ban those films which possess a theme of unrelieved sordidness, has already banned Sutton Vane's fine play, "Outward Bound."

To greet a Greta Garbo with loud cheers
Or wild applause I'll never, never dream
If in her future talkies she appears
In roles that boast a morbid, sordid theme.
Though life itself mayn't be couleur de rose
We want no Anna Christies on the Screen,
But we'll raise a loud encore for the "mixture as before"
If it's seasoned with a dose of saccharine.

Quite what is meant by "sordid," I don't know,
So let us play for safety all along
And put a ban on every talkie show
That savours in the least bit of the strong.
Poor Hamlet's bound to get it in the neck,
We want no homicidal gloomy Dane,
And as for "Outward Bound"—well, I'm glad to say it's found
It's pleaded for a chance in (Sutton) Vane!

In an atmosphere of lovely, old-world charm
(A la Samuel Goldwyn via Hollywood)
We shall never take the slightest moral harm
When even Noah Beery's mild and good.
With Sordidness a hopeless "also-ran"
We'll imbibe our soothing syrup at the call
And the Theme Song, I expect that the Censor will select
Is "A Shortt Life and a Gay One to you All."

B. W.

Fox Photos

Members of the Dickens Fellowship enjoying a fireside discussion at the famous Pickwickian hostelry, The Spaniards, at Hampstead, the scene of the arrest of Mrs. Bardell at the suit of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg. Mr. Pickwick is seen, waited on by the Artful Dodger, leading the discussion

a good gesture of showmanship had he been invited to conduct that first performance; but in that case his friends would have been deprived of his flow of amusing talk. They played his "Melodious Memories," however.

HERMAN used to "crack a gag" of some sort every day of his life at the Palace, and often a dozen a day. Many of these have been quoted again and again, and have found their way into books of reminiscences. Perhaps my favourite was his description of a Russian dance given by a famous musical comedy star as "Funny without being Volga."

VULGAR, as well as Volga, without being funny, was Ramsay MacDonald's reply to Commander Bellairs' perfectly civil letter on the question of the dumping of Soviet timber. The P.M.'s letter not only evaded the point at issue, but was insulting in its tone, and accused the Commander of "indulging in a political stunt." What a word is "stunt" for a British Prime Minister to use in public I can, or rather cannot, picture Disraeli, Gladstone, Salisbury, Rosebery, and others of the Premiers of the past talking of "stunt." Nor would they have referred, at Westminster, to their political opponents as "swine." I fear the cares of office are not improving Ramsay's temper—or his manners.

"THE Great Eight"—that is to say, our noble selves, *The Tatler, The Sketch, The Graphic, The Sphere, The Illustrated London News, and Britannia and Eve*,—can let themselves go at times. "Dulce est Decipere in Loco." The "loco" was the Imperial Hotel, Russell Square, and the occasion was our own private cabaret and ball. Noni and Horace, who have just completed a successful engagement at the Coliseum, were there, at the top of their form, to help the fun along, and Norman Long, complete with songs and smiles, and "We Three," from the Café de Paris, also lent a helping hand.

By Bertram Prance

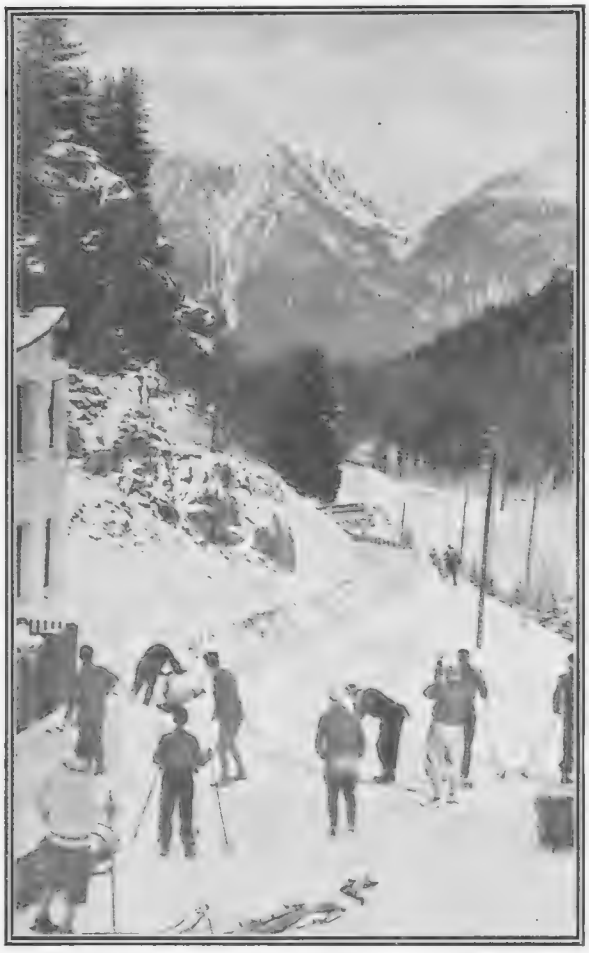
MISTRESS: "And what kind of mistresses have you been getting?"
NEW MAID: "Well, my experience is that they are getting steadily worse!"

Stage Photo Co.

Caroline Allerton (Marda Vanne), Owen Llewelyn (Maurice Evans), Freddie Allerton (Nicholas Hannen) and Jill Charteris (Helen Spencer) have a few words in "To See Ourselves," at the Ambassadors Theatre. This delightful comedy is by Miss E. M. Delafield, whose latest book, "The Diary of a Provincial Lady," is enjoying a big success

Noni and Horace, who recently completed a most successful month's engagement at the Coliseum. The famous clown and his partner very generously gave their services at the Great Eight Ball and Cabaret recently held at the Imperial Hotel, Russell Square

"MIDST SNOW AND ICE: EXCELSIOR!"



Central Press

A view of the famous bob run at St. Moritz. A mile in length, it drops 200ft. and allows for an average speed of 40 m.p.h., although experts can reach 60 m.p.h.

The above scene affords a striking contrast to the foggy, damp conditions which have been all to[o] sunshine outside the Scheidegg Hotel, in the shade

Photographs

Sir John Simon forgets the troubles of India's coral strand and burning plains. He is seen enjoying a quiet turn on the ice of the Maloja Palace rink

Central Press

GOING BOBBING

An American visitor, Mrs. Ryerson, Jnr., setting out on the famous bob run at St. Moritz. She is on a single bob, a machine introduced to Switzerland for the first time this year and meeting with great success

Winter Sports Enthusiasts in Snowy Switzerland

Fox

ich to the fore in this country of late. Visitors are seen making the most of the wonderful winter f the Lanberhorn, famous for its ski-ing facilities

Fox

Mrs. Norman England and her son, Michael, ski-ing at Scheidegg, in the Bernese Oberland. In the background is seen the Eiger, one of the most beautiful peaks in the country

Photographs

THE BOHEMIANISM OF THE SNOWS

Art, Kingship and Statecraft, all represented at Mürren. Seen above are Mr. G. H. D'Egville (left), the cartoonist, whose work is well known to BYSTANDER readers; the King of the Belgians and Sir Claud Schuster, Permanent Secretary to the Lord Chancellor

Sport and General

Little Princess Boncompagni, whose father is the Governor of Rome, starting out on a ski-ing expedition on the slopes above St. Moritz. Visitors from all over the world are flocking to Switzerland for the winter sports

SHOOTING NOTES

Topical

Primo Carnera in a new rôle. He is seen duck-shooting at West Linton, in Peeblesshire, whilst the guest of Mr. Graham Youll

ROUGH SHOOTS

By "Clodhopper"

Now that game shooting is practically finished one is frequently asked, "Can you put me on to a good rough shoot for next season?" or, "Do you happen to know of a small grouse moor in Derbyshire at a moderate rental?" Living, as I do, in the centre of an agricultural district and within a comparatively short distance of the moors in question, it might be imagined that one would be able to give satisfactory replies to inquiries of this kind, particularly as each successive year of ever-increasing taxation compels more and still more landowners to break up their sporting estates.

It would be far easier to mention the names of at least half a score owners of big partridge manors and covert-shoots in the north Midlands who are anxious to lease their sporting rights than to find a good rough shoot of, say, between 800 and 1,500 acres anywhere near a big provincial town. There is nowadays an extraordinary demand for such shoots, and the moment the sporting rights over a well-stocked farm or farms are available they are seized by some shooting townsman or syndicate of townsmen "in the know" with as great avidity as a hungry pike displays when snapping at a live bait. Briefly, a shoot of the kind will be watched and waited for for years, perchance, and the outsider who is "not in the know" hasn't the proverbial dog's chance of acquiring it.

The latter statement applies equally to the patches of grouse moor, partridge ground, and snipe bog which obtain on some of the rough, undulating and stone-walled moorlands held by the sheep-farmers and graziers in the High Peak and other wild and windswept districts of Derbyshire. Very decent little bags of grouse, partridges and snipe are shot on these patches of moor, seed-bearing grasslands and wet, rushy valleys. But in every case the sporting rights over the same are snapped up—and tenaciously held—by business men from Derby, Buxton, Manchester, and other big neighbouring towns, who usually shoot over pointers bred, trained and handled by men of the surrounding villages. It is whispered that rather more than an occasional moorfowl finds a way into the hare-pockets of these bucolic gun-dog owners when training their young pointers in the heather.

The day when any quantity of really good rough shooting could be hired at the rate of one shilling an acre has passed, never to return. Two shillings or half a crown are nearer the mark today. Indeed, I know one lessee of a moderately large shoot on the Notts and Lincolnshire border who, to keep his boundaries within a ring fence, pays the latter rate for the sporting rights over a holding of about forty acres, the value of which, so far as game is concerned, is about forty pence.

On the other hand, in more remotely situated districts there is still quite good rough shooting to be let at reasonable rentals, especially in the marshy localities of East Anglia and Lincolnshire. Occasionally these shoots are advertised in the local papers, but more often they require looking for. Shortly before Christmas I spent three days exploring many different parts and corners of Derbyshire, Notts, and Lincolnshire on behalf of a Manchester lawyer friend who had advertised in several well-known sporting journals for the lease of a good 1,500-acre rough shoot. Armed with a whole sheaf of replies to the lawyerman's advertisement, I motored along untold miles of roads and lanes, good and bad (the weather was abominable), inspected at least a dozen "splendid shoots"; sampled many local brews, good, bad and indifferent; and finally arrived at the conclusion that advertising for a rough shoot is waste of good money and precious time.

Before entering into an agreement to take sporting rights, a prospective tenant should walk over and inspect the shooting offered to him. The end of the season is the best time to do this, as he will then be able to make a fairly close estimate of the breeding stock left on the ground. He should also note the acreage of arable, and bear in mind that partridges will not remain on farms which consist mainly of pastures, unless artificially fed during the colder months of the year. Suitable hedgerows for nesting sites are also essential, and in the event of the intending tenant electing to hand-rear a few pheasants his covert—or coverts, as the case may be—must be well underwooded and dry. Personally, I would not take a shoot that was cut up by roads, footpaths, or rights-of-way. Poachers and egg-thieves, human and four-footed, are ever on the prowl along such convenient highways and byways, especially if there be a friendly town or village contiguous. Nor would I, if I knew it, hire the sporting rights over ground where rabbit-trapping is pursued.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

THE ROMANCE OF WILDFOWLING

One of the greatest mishaps of shooting literature is that no writer of the calibre of Hawker on scatter charges and Samuel Baker on the rifle has expounded the merits of driven game shooting as practised and brought to perfection by the generation which is either dead or in its dotage. Pre-war issues of the "Badminton Magazine" and sundry volumes of the "Fur and Feather" series show what might have been; but, even so, no writer with outstanding appeal has compelled public acceptance of the high sporting achievement comprised in the firing of several hundred cartridges at marks infinitely more varied and difficult than those known to our forefathers. Instead, we are nourished on the poultry analogy. Wildfowling by contrast has many books breathing the spirit of achievement, so much so that romance still attaches to those cold and dreary vigils around estuary waters. The novice continues to ask where he may obtain good wildfowl shooting, this in a day when motorists week-end huts line so many of the sea walls, and every other cottager goes out with a gun after partaking of tea. Some there may be who know places and methods which keep up the tradition, but for the most part wildfowling is the sport of the gunner with ever-growing patience, and even offers but slight attraction to those who own the few remaining inland and, therefore, private waters.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

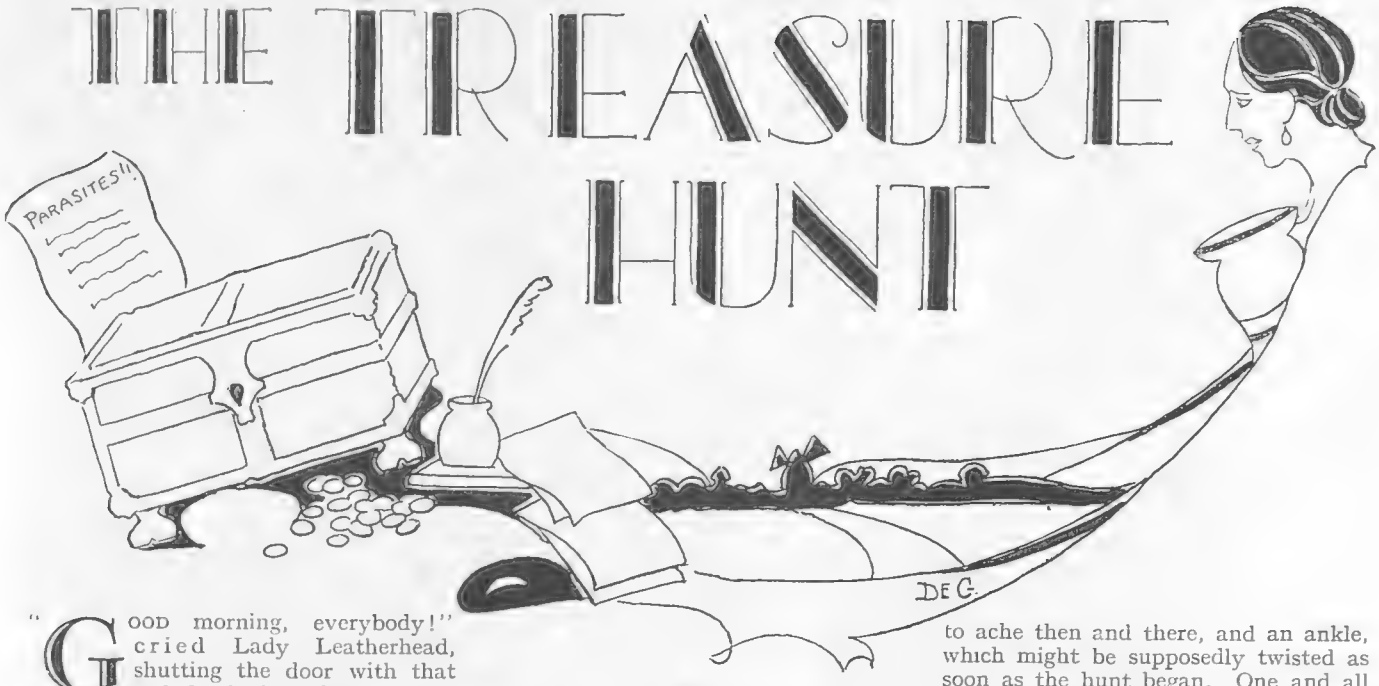
This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE TREASURE HUNT



By PETER FLEMING

"GOOD morning, everybody!" cried Lady Leatherhead, shutting the door with that arch benignity which characterised most of her actions. "I'm afraid I was wrong about the weather."

"As usual," said her son, loudly, emphatically, and truthfully. Harold was too supercilious to be amusingly rude.

The guests made perfunctory, deprecating noises through their kedgeree. You gathered that, although Lady Leatherhead had actually been wrong, she had come within an ace of being right; and that anyhow such phenomenal misbehaviour on the part of the climate should really be left out of account as something altogether beyond the bounds of either prophecy or good taste.

Rain lashed the windows. The tall but sturdy yew hedge at the bottom of the garden quivered with an irritation which had its roots in alarm. On the hill opposite the house a field of standing corn stood no longer, but lay in damp, untidy swathes. The potting-shed had lost its chimney. It was the last week in July.

"Will you put it off?" asked Major Tiler, greatly daring. He was an old friend of the family.

"Put it off?" repeated Lady Leatherhead incredulously, ringing for more hot milk. "But this is *just the weather* for a Treasure Hunt!" Her voice had that formidable cooing note so dreaded by friend and enemy alike.

"*Rather!*" cried Miss Buxter. She had always been known for a jolly girl, and though her girlhood was on the wane she was as full of fun as ever; rather fuller, if anything.

"I should just say it was!" agreed Mr. Rusk, in the kind of modulated shout in which all his enthusiasms were expressed. He beamed gaily at the streaming window-panes. It was the first time he had been asked to the house, and it was the opinion of his fellow-guests that he would be lucky if he was asked again; he tried too hard.

Lady Leatherhead sat down at the head of the table and began to spread gooseberry jam on one of those pockmarked wafers, known as Swedish Bread, which combine with the plays of Ibsen to produce in the mind of the average Englishman so cheerless an impression of Scandinavian home-life.

"We start at eleven," she announced, sweeping the assembly with a glance reminiscent of a temporarily well-disposed basilisk.

ELEVEN o'clock found the house-party rallied in the hall. Their mackintoshes rustled nervously. They grumbled to each other in whispers. Even the hardiest were wishing they had brought thicker shoes; the less resolute weighed the respective advantages of a head, which might be alleged to ache then and there, and an ankle, which might be supposedly twisted as soon as the hunt began. One and all felt intolerably put upon, and looked extremely unhappy.

Lady Leatherhead appeared on the staircase, a commanding figure if ever there was one. She came to them fresh and fiery from an argument with Harold. Harold was writing a novel about middle-class life; as he knew very little about life, and nothing at all about the middle classes, it did not look like being an outstandingly good novel. But experience had taught him that the Muse makes an admirable guardian angel and entitles you to use the word "fritter" when speaking of organised amusements in which you have no wish to take part.

"Where do you suppose Chaucer would have been," he asked his mother, "if he'd spent half his time Treasure-hunting?"

Lady Leatherhead (and who shall blame her?) could find no answer to this difficult but interesting question. She contented herself with pointing out to her son that *he* was not *Chaucer*. Harold looked rather hurt by this remark (of whose truth, however, he must have long been aware) and his mother left the room with a slight advantage.

She now confronted her guests with an assurance rather more aggressive than usual, like a lion-tamer who enters the cage immediately after tripping over the cat.

"Just a minute," she said, in that deceptively fluted voice, "while I explain the rules."

Whether their owners wished it or not, the faces in the hall automatically assumed an air of eager but intelligent expectation, such as is worn by schoolboys, before the lights go out, at a lantern lecture.

"First of all," announced Lady Leatherhead, "the clues are all written on cards like this." (She held one up.) "Now these cards are *numbered*," she went on, somehow managing to suggest that this made them immensely valuable, "and the clues are arranged in sequence—first No. 1, then No. 2, then 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and so on. Do you all understand that?" she asked doubtfully, as if it was practically impossible to understand.

"Yes, Lady Leatherhead," they cried.

"There are twelve clues in all," she continued, "and the twelfth directs you to the treasure. Now no one must on *any* account take a short cut. If you find a clue bearing a number which isn't the number directly following the number of the clue you found last you must just put it back where you found it and go on looking for the clue you were looking for before!" Lady Leatherhead paused dramatically, as if she had suggested the most fantastic and unheard-of expedient. "Now you will do that, won't you?" she begged, in her most suavely menacing voice.

(All rights strictly reserved)

ILLUSTRATED BY ABBEY

"'The Swan'—an inn not far from the drive gates—and thither the company moved off in a straggling procession noticeably headed by the men"

"Of course, Lady Leatherhead," they cried.

"Very well, then," she said, "here is the first clue." She cleared her throat, and the mackintoshes rustled uneasily. Zero hour was on them.

"Clocks tell the time (chanted their hostess)
In rain or shine:
But I am done
If there's no sun."

What Milton has described as "a dismal universal hiss" made itself heard in the hall; everyone was whispering to his neighbour "the sun-dial." It was an awkward moment. Their blood was not yet up; whatever zest they might hope to acquire for this compulsory chase had so far had no chance of infecting them. Where all should have sprung forward, nobody moved. They felt a keen reluctance, now that the crucial moment had come, to behave like children. The spirit of competition was strangled at birth.

Lady Leatherhead saw how it was with them. "Off you go!" she trumpeted. "It's in the garden, I warn you. Off you go!"

And off Miss Buxter went, with a laugh of ineffable jollity and a cry (for which none of those present forgave her) of "Come on, chaps!" They followed her, buttoning their collars about their chins, out of the front door and across the lawn, where the wind beat them about and blew Mr. Rusk's hat into a bird-bath.

"Oh, Hell!" groaned Virginia Gollstone, who, as a gently nurtured and social successfully debutante might fairly be said (as far as country life was concerned) to be done if there was no sun; "this is ghastly."

It was, rather. To Harold, who observed them from his window, the scene as they stood round the sun-dial was irresistibly suggestive of a burial at sea, though he had never actually witnessed one of those melancholy ceremonies. The strenuously crackling mackintoshes, the heads bowed (though not so much in reverence as in a desire to keep the rain off their faces), a general air of griefs unvoiced and murmured prayers, of helplessness in the face of the elements—all these things struck Harold as so vividly analogous that he made a note of the conceit, hoping to work it in somewhere in his portrayal of middle-class life.

Miss Buxter was reading out the second clue from the steps of the sun-dial. A large hank of clay-coloured hair, escaping from the confines of a hat which can most charitably be described as "sensible," was flattened across her broad face by the wind and got in her mouth a good deal, interfering with her vowel-sounds Luckily it was a very short clue—

"Bird thou never wert . . ."

"I love Swinburne, don't you?" shrieked Virginia Gollstone to Henry Taint above the raging of the storm. Henry Taint was a young M.P.; for ten years people had kept on saying he was promising, but he had yet to perform. Virginia wanted it clearly understood that this out-of-door stuff was not her line at all. "Don't you love Swinburne?" she repeated, seeing that he had not heard.

"Not in this weather!" he shouted; he had understood her to say "swimming" and was surprised when she laughed as at some witty retort. "Silly girl!" he decided: "giggles when you answer a question sensibly."

Meanwhile an air of painful indecision hung over the treasure-seekers. "Bird thou never wert. . . "? There were so many things of which that could be said. Somebody suggested Lady Leatherhead's parrot—a loathsome

bird, and a martyr to ringworm; it was a promising solution, but finally rejected, because, however you chose to define the walk of life to which God had now called the creature there was little or no doubt that it had once been a bird. A far more acceptable interpretation was "The Swan"—an inn not far from the drive gates—and thither the company moved off, in a straggling procession noticeably headed by the men.

Hugo Rolluck, a cricket Blue and a man with very strong views on how the second half of every morning should be spent, reached the inn first. The clue was pinned to the door of the public bar; but the door of the public bar was locked. There was half an hour to go before they opened. Rolluck, a quick thinker and a gentleman, tore down the card, climbed on to a bench, and dropped the too accessible paste-board through the exiguous crack of open window which was considered sufficient to ventilate the public bar during the summer months. The vanguard of the hunt swung round the corner as he stepped down, dusting his enormous hands on his enormous trousers.

"Is it there?" cried some. But more cried: "Are they open?"

The clue, explained this admirable youth, in whom athletic prowess was so happily united to a keen practical intelligence, was not actually visible from the outside of the inn, but he had very little doubt that it would be found inside. They had but to wait till the landlord threw open his hospitable doors, and it would then be no difficult matter to search the more commonly frequented premises of the building, in some conspicuous part of which their considerate hostess had, he was prepared to wager, deposited the clue.

The men looked avidly at their watches, the women curiously at Rolluck, whose histrionic powers, to tell the truth, were scarcely adequate to the rôle he had so nobly assumed. It would, in fact, have been hard to imagine a more thoughtfully executed portrayal of a guilty man; if the unfortunate Rolluck had committed the foulest of murders by the clumsiest methods a second or two before their arrival he could hardly have shifted more frequently from one leg to the other, or more appealingly eyed those of the party whom he accounted his friends, or more convulsively and unconvincingly burst out with snatches of irrelevant conversation. Guilt was writ large on his well-developed features; perspiration bedewed them. The women smelt a rat.

It was Miss Buxter who disinterred it. Peering through the window of the bar she descried the object of their search lying, as ill-luck would have it, face upwards and the right way round on the broad sill inside, plain to be read by all. She gave an exultant yelp.

"Here it is," she cried; "you can see it from here!"

At that moment there was not a man present who would not, cheerfully and without compunction, have shot Miss Buxter, or killed her with some blunt instrument, or pushed her over Niagara Falls. But no opportunity for doing any of these things presented itself; Miss Buxter continued to live, and breathe, and have her insufferable being. The treasure-seekers surged round the window in a damp press. Major Tiler read out the clue.

"Oh for the wings of a dove!" he announced; and you could see that he meant it.

"Another of these quotations," said Hugo Rolluck, in the voice of a man speaking intelligently; he was not yet quite sure how he stood with public opinion.

The clue could hardly be called a baffling one. It referred, obviously, to the old dove-cote under the eaves of the stables. They trooped off, with all the alacrity of prisoners detailed for Siberia in a Russian film. Major Tiler stayed behind in the porch; apparently he was trying to light his pipe.

A quarter of an hour later the bedraggled posse stood in a long, low loft at the farther end of which pigeon-holes punctured the obscurity in a little pyramid. There was a strong, almost an overwhelming smell of horses, decomposition, and old mice. It was, to all intents and purposes, pitch dark.

With a cheerful click Mr. Rusk lit his gold cigarette-lighter. It showed them little beyond their own shiny and disgruntled faces and a number of horribly indefinable shapes which might have been anything from ectoplasm to bales of jute. With an eerie cry Miss Gollstone announced that a rat had passed over her foot.

"Poor thing," said Miss Buxter ambiguously. "I'm going ahead."

She went ahead, and the hue and cry followed her, shuffling along in a gingerly way, like young men dancing with their aunts. Their feet ploughed through a layer of nameless débris; they cursed Lady Leatherhead in their hearts.

Suddenly there was a rending crash and, from somewhere below them, a sound which had more in it of the wallop than the thud. The party stood rooted to the spot. A large, ragged hole gaped in the worm-eaten boards before them, and through it filtered up the voice of Miss Buxter, swearing like a débutante.

"Are you all right?" they called down to her. You could not, from the way they asked the question, have deduced whether they expected the answer "Yes" or "No"; but it was less difficult to gather which would have pleased them best.

It appeared, however, that she was all right, comparatively speaking. She had landed on a pile of hay in a loose-box, and was suffering from nothing more than a slight nervous shock. They, who were suffering from as much

themselves, made haste to descend. They found Miss Buxter in her loose box, but the reunion was not, from her point of view, a wholly satisfactory one, since the door was locked and it was quite impossible to climb out. As they moved off in search of help one and all were surprised to find how apt, how vivid was the analogy which each had unconsciously half-formulated between Miss Buxter and a horse. To see her now you would have thought that she had lived all her life in a loose-box. It seemed really almost a pity to detach her from so perfect a setting. . . .

SHORTLY before all this happened Harold laid down his fountain pen. His novel of middle-class life was the bigger, if not the better, by some seventy words. They described the heroine's anguish of mind as she prepared a high tea for her drunken father and his friends. Her father had begun the book as an upholsterer, but someone had told Harold that the members of this profession were recruited largely from the lower, not the middle, classes; so the heroine's father was promoted, with the minimum of erasion, to "master-upholsterer," which sounded at once more dignified and more brutal.

At the moment Harold was having difficulty with the Licensing Laws. If you had your high tea at six, did that give the master-upholsterer and his cronies a fair chance of getting partially intoxicated on the way home? He made a note: "Ask Major Tiler about pubs." It paid to be thorough, even in literature.

He re-read his morning's work; substituted "antimacassar" for "aspidistra" in one of the atmospheric bits; yawned; and wandered downstairs. His mother found him, as ill-luck would have it, reading *The Tatler* in the drawing-room. Lady Leatherhead was in a very domineering mood. Unable, in the circumstances, even to pretend that he was looking for "copy," Harold was driven out to join and superintend the treasure-hunters. Most bitter blow of all, he had his own gambit played on him with conspicuous success. "Do you suppose," bayed his mother, "that Tolstoi sat about reading *The Tatler* all day?"

Harold stumbled blindly away in search of his Aquascutum, to all intents and purposes a broken man. But even as he twitched it irritably from its peg inspiration came to him. He remembered that he knew where the treasure was hidden. The sweets of revenge were as good as his. . . .

The next ten minutes he spent at a writing-table. Then he went out to face the elements and his mother's guests, blithely, with head erect.

THE pack, when he came up with it, could hardly be described as in full cry, though Virginia Gollstone was not far from tears, having sustained contusions from a bradawl in the potting-shed. Major Tiler, reappearing from the direction of "The Swan," alone seemed cheerful, and insisted on singing the Marseillaise. Henry Taint took Harold aside.

"Look here," he said, in a voice which strong men use when asking their best friend to save a bullet for the woman, "can't you get this over a bit quicker? We're only at the seventh clue."

"Leave it to me," said Harold, an elfin gleam flickering in his salient eyeballs.

"'Mark over's' the cry
And August's the season.
If you want to know why,
Ask sportsmen the reason."

It was Clue No. 12—Lady Leatherhead's swan-song as a poetess.

"I know!" cried Miss Buxter. "The stuffed grouse in the billiard-room!"

Their goal in sight, her fellow-seekers felt the spirit of competition stir within them for the first time. They began to shamble off with a kind of furtive alacrity.

But "Hey!" roared a voice, and they stopped. It was Rolluck, lodging a sportsman's protest. "I say" (he said) "look here; I mean they aren't grouse, you know. They're ptarmigan." But no one else was in a mood to split ornithological straws. In this crisis one lagopus was as good as another. They resumed their surge towards the billiard-room.

Harold saw to it that he was there first. The two stuffed ptarmigan watched each other intently, like duellists, over a tuft of blasted heather. Moths had long since eaten the better part of their plumage, but by one of those accidents so common in old-fashioned taxidermy the one looked immutably quizzical, the other perpetually indignant. There was drama in their eternal vigil.

The treasure—a large parcel containing Kinglake's "History of the Crimean War" and two pots of home-made jam—Harold had already removed and hidden. The hunt arrived panting, to find him with nothing but an envelope in his hands.

"Money," thought most, and were conscious of a renewed interest.

"Tickets for a charity ball," thought Hugo Rolluck, who had been stung that way before.

"More ruddy verse," prophesied Major Tiler, not quite under his very noticeable breath.

Gravely and in silence Harold opened the envelope; gravely and in silence read the single sheet of note-paper it contained. Then he looked up and passed his hand across his brow in a dazed way.

"This is a very strange thing," he said in a hollow voice, "but I am compelled to read it out, for the treasure is to be shared by all who sought it."

He cleared his throat. "Oh, do go on," urged someone.

"The treasure" (Harold's voice was a little shaky to begin with) "is Self-Knowledge." Here he broke off and looked round him in a sorrowful, deprecating way. "I ought to explain," he went on, "that the whole thing appears to have been written under the stress of some violent emotion, and is in parts legible only with difficulty. But I must admit that the first word, which is followed by three unmistakable exclamation-marks, looks to me very much like 'Parasites.' The second is certainly 'Numskulls"; and" (here he looked full at his audience) "the third is 'Pests.' It goes on: 'Be off with you, scum! Why do you come clambering over each other after my food, cluttering my house with your over-dressed little bodies, drooling out your insufferable small-talk at my table? Why do you submit to the infantile and degrading pastimes which I devise for you? You are like so many performing fleas, only far less sagacious; I only wish you were the same size as they are, so that I could crush you all with a sharp downward blow of my hand. Run away, horrible little things! Know yourselves for what you are, and run away while you can."

Harold paused. "There is a good deal more," he said, "but I would rather not read it, if you don't mind. My mother has these moods. . . ."

An awful silence hung over the billiard-room. The very hackles on the bearskin rug seemed to rise in horror. On the wall Landseer's creations, down to the humblest fawn, grew liquid-eyed with panic. A pair of boar's tusks made as if to chatter in alarm. The clock, egg-bound these twenty-seven years, began to tick nervously.

"Shall I order the cars?" asked Harold in a low voice. "Your luggage can be sent on."

They nodded in silence: and in silence left the room.

"Heigh ho!" sighed Miss Buxter, bloody but unbowed; "better luck next time." She was that sort of woman. . .

P. F.

"AH, my little man, do you realise what it is that has brought the wrinkles to your mother's brow?"

"Oh, yes, sir. It's some of the bridge partners she gets."

* * *

"WHAT is your ideal income?" asks a newspaper. Oh, about fifty per cent. more.

* * *

ON being told that his wife was suing him for divorce a movie star exclaimed, "Why, I am simply astounded." His friends tell us confidentially that he hardly knew the woman.

* * *

"THOSE two girls look exactly alike. Are they twins?"

"Oh, no! They merely went to the same plastic surgeon."

Specially drawn for THE BYSTANDER

BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

"BREAK OFF"

A study in limelight and shade at Bertram Mills's Olympia Circus. The Liberty horses are seen enjoying a mild stampede after their trainer has given them their congé on the completion of their turn

FILM NOTES

HOW REVUE STARS SCREEN

By Lionel Collier

WHAT an amazing personality Beatrice Lillie has! An intimate revue star, yet she gets over all her individualism on the screen. In "Are You There?" the first picture in which she has definitely been starred, she shows herself as one of the most accomplished of screen comediennes, and although the burlesque dealing with dukes, detective agents and Russian adventuresses runs a little slowly at times, her own wit and appreciation of the ridiculous keep one thoroughly amused. In fact "her gestures, motions and her smile" do not only "beguile" but amuse.

THE picture, which will be shown shortly in the West End, is a burlesque of the cinema crook melodrama and also a skit on the doings of the British nobility as imagined by Hollywood. A fox hunt, for instance, is a delight, with Beatrice Lillie ending up by capturing the fox with her own fair hand and playing with it like a kitten. A song of hers, introduced here, "Queen of the Hunt Am I," should be shortly, like Allsopp, Bass and Worthington, "on every infant's tongue."

THERE is also in the opening a picture drawn of a very modern detective agent with the name star as the lady in charge. I have rarely seen anything more funnily ridiculous even in the Marx Brothers' shows. Incidentally, I feel that Beatrice Lillie would make an excellent addition to that versatile four. I met them the other day, and judging by their conversation they are always open to accept ideas and innovations. What about a Marx sister?

APROPOS of nothing, it is amusing to note that Harpo Marx—the silent clown of the troupe—is the most garrulous, while Groucho, the loquacious, is philosophically minded, and needs tempting into conversation. Harpo, incidentally, was unable to obtain work on the silent screen, but now they talk his silence is in request!

HARKING back again to "Are You There?" we find George Grossmith in the rôle of a Duke. I think the screen has improved him; his mannerisms are not so pronounced, and he gives an excellent caricature of an Englishman as seen through a foreigner's eyes. An English girl, Jillian Sand, is also in the cast, a recent Hollywood acquisition, but her accent leaves one wondering what county she comes from. Anyway, it is rather fascinating in effect.

ANOTHER accent which strikes the ears pleasantly is that of Constance Bennett in "Sin Takes a Holiday"—a title which is perhaps less pleasant and hardly informative. There are degrees of huskiness ranging from Tallulah Bankhead to Greta Garbo. Constance Bennett seems to have struck a happy medium, and has the ideal huskiness which does not bespeak affectation or anything else you may care to imagine.

"SIN TAKES A HOLIDAY" is another picture which will be seen shortly in the West End, and its story is as old as the hills, and its treatment as modern as Frederick Lonsdale.

Beatrice Lillie "listens in" for the fox, which she eventually catches with her hands, in the nonsensical Fox film, "Are You There?"

"And now you can forget all about me—good-Donald in "Monte Carlo," at the Carlton, Ernst

Beatrice Lillie, the super modern lady detective, in Fox's latest film, "Are you there?" in which she appears with George Grossmith, Olga Baclanova and John Garrick

night!" Jack Buchanan and Jeanette MacDonald in Paramount's latest picture, directed by Lubitsch

It deals cynically with a typist who marries a man (Kenneth Mackenna) to save him from complications in a divorce scandal, and eventually teaches him to love her. What could be simpler. The dialogue is daring and well written, while the German producer, Paul L. Stein, has exploited its sophistication cleverly and cinematically.

THE cinema seems intent on emulating the stage's prerogative of first nights, although as a matter of fact most of the pictures shown are only being exhibited, as a preliminary, to the trade and not to the public. Still, why deny the renters this innocent vanity, especially as it is usually the case that few are called but many are "chosen." In this hard world of ours anything that is free is acceptable.

EVEN New Year's Eve was celebrated by the screening of a film. It had an auspicious title, "Tons of Money," and judging by the success Tom Walls has already made by his transcription of stage plays, I think the augury will hold good. It is not particularly subtle, but all the gags which were a success in the play came over well on the screen, and the acting in the capable hands of Ralph Lynn, Yvonne Arnaud, Mary Brough, and others, is excellent. This combination of artists is a very happy one.

IT seems, however, that there is a need for an interval, as on the stage, if the screen is going to reproduce a theatrical show photographically. One can be surfeited with dialogue just as one can get rather tired of the quality of a particular kind of typically English humour. Anyway, when it comes on in the West End soon I thoroughly recommend a visit.

FOLLOWING "Animal Crackers" at the Carlton comes "Monte Carlo," directed by that doyen of directors, Ernst Lubitsch. I should very much like to see his satirical silent comedy "Forbidden Paradise" reissued. He was responsible, too, for Maurice Chevalier's first success, "The Love Parade." "Monte Carlo" is a cynical romance and, as is always the case with Ernst Lubitsch's work, tinged with satire. Jack Buchanan scores a hit, and according to American reports, is in a fair way to becoming a screen idol. It is not his first performance on the films, since he appeared, not altogether advantageously, in some silent productions. The talkies have helped him to a quick stardom, as they have many another popular stage artist. He is supported by Jeannette MacDonald, who played in "The Vagabond King" and "The Love Parade."

Sidney Blackmer indulges in a little Oriental playfulness with Mary Duncan, in "Kismet," First National's film version of the famous stage play which was first produced at the Garrick Theatre, in 1911. "Kismet" is now showing at the new Leicester Square Cinema

AT the Empire, Cecil B. de Mille indulges in another riot of spectacle so beloved by him, through which runs a very ordinary domestic drama. One of the big scenes, a ball, takes place in a captive Zeppelin, where Kay Johnson, an actress deserving of better material, appears as Madame Satan to fascinate a young man of her acquaintance. Providence, as is usual in De Mille's or Griffith's pictures, takes a hand and strikes the Zeppelin with a thunderbolt, and after a parachute descent love finds a way. Do not expect to be entertained intellectually, but look at the amazing stagecraft and realise the potentialities of the screen.

Two Englishmen, Reginald Denny and Roland Young, are extremely good, especially the latter in a comedy rôle.

I DIDN'T think that "Viennese Nights" would have remained long at the new Leicester Square Theatre in spite of its romantic flavour and excellent production values. The whole thing was too slight. It is now superseded by "Kismet," which looks like having a long run. Otis Skinner, who plays Hadj the beggar, while, to my mind, not equal to Oscar Asche in the same rôle, is very good indeed. He played the same rôle in a silent version which was extremely well done. The part enacted by Lily Brayton on the English stage is taken by Loretta Young, who is very pretty, and, like her name, very young to achieve the success that now attends her.

Edward Knoblock's play lends itself to spectacular scenes which are taken full advantage of by the camera.

Kay Johnson, as Madam Satan, spreads her net to catch Reginald Denny at an extravagant fancy dress ball, held on a captive Zeppelin, the settings of which are a noteworthy feature of the film, "Madam Satan," now at the Empire

I.N.A.

The beautiful old main entrance of historic Fountains Hall, Ripon, on the estate of Mr. Clare and Lady Doris Vyner. It is now in the hands of renovators, and it is rumoured that it is being prepared as an occasional residence for the Duke and Duchess of York

PARIS GOSSIP

L.N.A.

Another view of Fountains Hall, Ripon, the sixteenth-century mansion adjoining Fountains Abbey, which, it is rumoured, the Duke and Duchess of York intend to occupy in the near future

PUBLICITY, PARTIES and PLAYS By Sylvia Lyon

CURIOSITY seekers, caricaturists, and photographers reaped a morbid gold mine standing before the Catholic hospital in the Rue Oudinot when Joffre was lying ill. For it is a custom in France for friends to call when one is ill, sign a register, and then leave. Maginot, the tallest man in the Government, called on Joffre, as did the popular one-armed General Gouraud, the Military Governor of Paris and one of the few people allowed within the sick-room. Ambassador Dawes called, pipe in mouth, and I was reminded of a story about Briand. At the Hague Conference last year Queen Wilhelmina gave a dinner for the delegates. To everyone's horror Briand took out his pipe towards the end of the repast. A quick, hushed word in his ear advised the French Foreign Minister that Her Majesty cannot bear a pipe. Briand rose, made apologies to the Queen, left the room, smoked a pipeful, and calmly returned to the table.

S

BUT to return to Paris. The most hard-boiled news photographers have resented the agreeable acquiescence of public figures, especially members of the new Steeg Cabinet, to be photographed. Of all the photographs of Marshal Joffre's callers published in the papers, only one head had turned away from the cameras—that of Madame Joffre returning to the clinique from a short rest at home. The same aversion to the bad taste of publicity at such a time was also shown by Madame Poincaré, before whose house in the Rue Marbeau journalists and curious people are still standing, although the former Premier is on his way to recovery.

Topical

Prince Christopher of Greece and his wife, Princess François of France, in the grounds of the Villa Anastasia, the residence built by Baroness Alioti in the highest part of Rome. They are seen outside the garden entrance to the music-room

S

DURING Poincaré's illness so many hundreds of solicitous letters were sent to him that the servants could not cope with the inflow, and, after being hastily opened and the signatures noted down, baskets of letters were placed in the street to be eventually carted away. However, in the interval, autograph hunters reaped a harvest, brazenly going through the letters in search of famous names. The prize went to the man who found a letter written by an ex-Minister anxiously asking about Poincaré's health, and also anxiously asking the sick man if he would use his influence to find a job for his nephew.

S

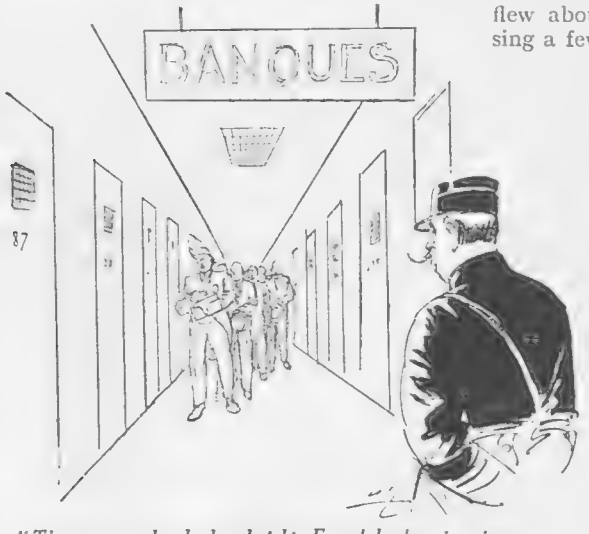
THE French public's interest in the Aga Khan has been at such a pitch since his marriage to a Frenchwoman that several journalists succeeded in

crashing the Ritz and the very bedroom door of the Aga Khan, ill with influenza. The papers the next day had on the average three words to say concerning the Round Table Conference and the Aga's probable inability to return to London, and five hundred words about the Aga Khan's pretty French wife, and epics in prose about the beautiful New Year's gifts presented to her by her husband.

Lord Castlerosse, also in bed with grippe at the Ritz, was spared the annoyance of reporters by answering the telephone himself and saying "I have influenza" in such sepulchral tones that he succeeded in scaring everyone away.

A sidelight on the passing of Marshal Joffre. Anxious journalists interviewing M. Steeg, the Prime Minister, on leaving the nursing home in which the great soldier was lying

FOR the first time since the death of his brother, the Duc d'Orléans, the Duc de Guise, the French Pretender, published an open letter in *L'Action Française* offering himself as King of France, as he seems to think that France needs one now. It surely needs something. There is something just a little too international as to ancestry and policy in the present Government. As to the financial status of the country, France has, as you know, the second largest reserves of gold in the world to-day. The trouble is, nobody knows exactly where the gold is. Maybe it's just a fairy story.



"There are one hundred and eighty French bankers in prison . . . the majority of these are in the Santé Prison, and it is a wonder the practical French don't turn the prison into a branch bank"

HENRI CHÉRON, the present Minister of Justice, admitted the other day that there are one hundred and eighty French bankers in prison throughout the country. The majority of these are in the Santé Prison, and it is a wonder that the practical French don't turn the prison into a branch bank. A good apprenticeship as a prison-banker cannot but help towards one's success. Since her return to more or less private life, Madame Hanau is making more money than ever.

AND now for diplomatic news, the strangest to reach my ears for a long time. One of the South American Ministers in Paris sent out invitations for a reception, and the unwritten word flew about that a certain star was to sing a few little songs that promised to be in character with the star's reputation. And, South American husbands being what they are, the South American wives were forbidden to attend the party. I have been told that the sight was most amusing, the legation thronged with decorated Latin-American diplomats, and not a woman in sight except the pretty actress.

HENRY BERNSTEIN has in *Le Jour* created a new Hamlet in the character of his hero. One difference between the original Hamlet and this one is that Jean Berjencé neither is nor pretends to be mad; the only active madness he evinces is that towards the end of the play he gets married. He marries Pierrette, a girl who will do him no good—I could see that at once. But Pierrette is played by Gaby Morlay, and almost any Frenchman—even though Frenchmen in the provinces don't marry for love—would have married her.

JEAN has been ill in a Swiss sanatorium for years. While there he reads Hamlet, and wonders why the murderer of his father was never found and why the case was dropped. Did his mother's second husband, Emile Joustot, formerly his tutor, commit the murder? Cured of his illness, Jean returns to Lyon and finds the business left by his father in the able and honest hands of Joustot, the devoted husband of his mother. There is a magnificent scene where Joustot asks Jean outright if he suspects him of the elder Berjencé's murder, and so overwhelms the son by his charm, business integrity, and devotion to his interests that Jean is won completely. But while being won he is harassed by increasing suspicions that cause him intense suffering owing to his admiration for his step-father. He consults lawyers, witnesses, documents of the trial. He falls in love with Pierrette, a childhood friend, and she, glad of a husband at last, induces Jean to destroy some important documentary evidence against Joustot, and he, only too glad to shake off his morbid thoughts, runs away with her to Algiers.

Later, Jean is called back by his mother; Joustot is dangerously ill and has something to tell Jean. Once more Jean determines to avenge his father, but before Joustot's confession he is again cheated; the charm of the man wins him again, and he dies before Jean's eyes, who returns to Algiers to find "le jour," light, sun, the day again, with his wife and child.

S. L.

"The Duc de Guise, the French Pretender, . . . offering himself as King of France"

BERKELEY COURT—London's Latest Super Flats

ON this page are seen two glimpses of Berkeley Court, the new flats recently opened in the West End at the junction of Marylebone Road and Baker Street. Unlike all too many buildings in this country, imagination and enterprise of a high order have been used in their planning, with the result that they combine that standby of the house agent, "every modern convenience" and economy.

ALL the flats have central heating and softened constant hot water, polished hardwood floors to all reception rooms, separate trade entrances, stairs and lifts, day and night porterage and lift attendance, self-contained servants' quarters, and lavatory basins in the bedrooms. Among other advantages are automatic refrigerators, a house telephone service, and heated linen cupboards, and the roof garden is in itself a sight worth seeing.

THERE are four different types of flats in Berkeley Court, the largest comprising six bed- and dressing-rooms, three bathrooms, three reception rooms, vestibule, kitchen and pantry—rent at £800 to £985 per annum; whilst the smallest type, consisting of four bed- and dressing-rooms, two bathrooms, two reception rooms, vestibule, kitchen, and pantry, range between £375 and £450 per annum. Economy of space is a marked feature of the flats.

One of the delightful walks in the garden on the roof of the new Berkeley Court flats, Baker Street. Nearly an acre in extent, this roof garden is laid out in old-world style with protected pergolas, lawns and ornamental flower beds. The garden, over a hundred feet above street level, affords some wonderful views of London and the hills to the north. Below is seen a corner of one of the flats, showing the way the rooms communicate with each other so that wastage of space is eliminated

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

GYPSIES and OTHER MISFITS

By Ralph Straus

LADY ELEANOR SMITH'S new novel *Flamenco* (Gollancz: 7s. 6d.) is a very remarkable piece of work. So much I can say at once. There is hardly another Englishwoman alive today who could have written it. There is nothing about it, indeed, to suggest these post-War days. It takes you back to the second quarter of last century, and if you could imagine a new biographer of the Brontës coming forward with the discovery that there had really been an extra Brontë sister who had also written a book, this is the kind of book which she might very well have written. It is strange and uncomfortable, but it is highly dramatic. Lady Eleanor is true to her period: she does not write without having a story to tell.

THE novel opens in Andalusia. Lobo the Wolf, a gypsy, has been guilty of the unforgivable crime: he has killed a man of his race. And so, with his wife and his brats and a blind brother-in-law and the inevitable cart, he wanders forth, and finally comes to England. And in a corner of Devon these outcasts come into contact with another outcast, not without a touch of the Romany blood in him, but an English gentleman who has been discovered cheating at dice. A moody, disillusioned fellow this Richard Lovell, living in a gloomy house with his moodier wife and three small children. And on an impulse Richard buys from the gypsy one of his daughters, who is henceforth brought up with his own children.

THEY tell you that blood will tell. It often does. But will it tell with the gypsy Camila, who is never to speak to her own family again? The girl's playmate is the second Lovell boy, Evelyn, the pretty youth who is fated to become a sleek wastrel at forty, and it is he whom she marries, though only after his father had tried unsuccessfully to make her his mistress and temporarily sent her back to her own people. But it is Harry, the elder, the strong, sulky-faced farmer, who is the father of her son, and it is to him that she goes when their boy runs off with some gypsies. He is brought back, but—will he stay? Will not the call be too strong? Lady Eleanor does not tell us, but her story is complete as it is.

THE grim Lovell household emerges with an almost startling clarity. Richard himself, harsh and uncouth, taking his women where he can get them, slowly degenerating into a pitiful old dodderer; his wife, the once amiable Harriet, who shuts herself up in her room, playing with her ridiculous dresses, living in a half-mad world of her own, and finally succumbing to drink; the daughter who marries and unexpectedly becomes a respectable matron in Bath; and Evelyn, who cannot bear to soil his small white hands and takes money from a rich woman in London—you cannot easily forget them. And although I am not yet completely convinced that the young Robin would have been so ready to run away with the gypsies, I am willing to accept Lady Eleanor's statement that he did, for nowhere else is there a faltering note, and her book may well be one of the novels of the year.

I PASS on to another novel, also by a woman, and also not a little uncomfortable and strange. If Lady Eleanor goes back to the hungry and snarling 'forties, Miss Ethel Mannin is so up to date that she provides her new book, *Ragged Banners* (Jarrolds: 7s. 6d.), with an index. (But is this necessary? Surely not in a serious work of fiction.)

Wide World

Mr. Sinclair Lewis, the famous American who won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1930, and Mrs. Lewis. They are seen during their recent visit to Berlin

LADY ELEANOR SMITH

Her second novel, "Flamenco" (Gollancz: 7s. 6d.), is reviewed on this page

And, like Lady Eleanor, she is concerned with a misfit, though two more different mortals than Richard Lovell and Anthony Starridge could not be imagined. About Starridge, one is to suppose, there is a hint of genius, but unfortunately for him he can never get properly into touch with life. Women immediately succumb to his godlike and Grecian features, but, unluckily, women frighten him to death. And without knowing what exactly his goal may be, he is always striving, without much success, to be free.

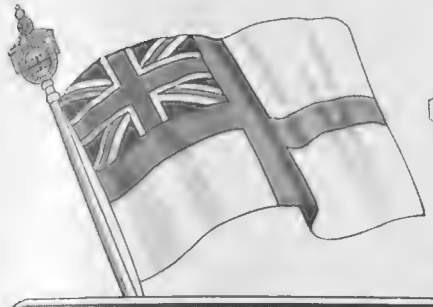
A QUEER enough fellow, even for a poet, and not the first of the kind to be found in Miss Mannin's novels. His story, however, is certainly interesting. They send him to a public school and Oxford, and for a week or two he sits in his father's office. But the world of commercial respectability is not for him. As the old school song has it, poets shouldn't have work to do. They ought to be suitably provided for by the Royal Society of Literature or some other philanthropic body of that kind. Starridge, it is true, after a little starving, does receive a small allowance from his family, but when they find him living in an Italian villa with a personable young woman, and so presumably in sin, there is naturally trouble.

AND, of course, there is no sin whatever. Poor Mary Thane only wishes there were, though to her it would be no sin at all. To him, she knows, she is little more than a rather restful piece of furniture. And that is Starridge's tragedy. He hates the possessiveness which seems to go with all sorts of human affection, except that which a child has to offer. Even his

(Continued on page 84)

All-British

Standard



'ENSIGN'

SIX

HUNDREDS of discerning motorists have already discovered that the high power-weight ratio of The "ENSIGN" Six creates such a reserve of power that this new "Standard" model provides a grade of performance hitherto obtained only in the more powerful and expensive Luxury-class cars.

HIGH speeds without strain. Instant Acceleration, and Perfect Control and Comfort are obtained at such an economic cost of purchase and upkeep that The "ENSIGN" Six has been acclaimed by both Trade and Public as "A REVELATION OF WHAT SIX CYLINDER PERFORMANCE CAN—AND OUGHT TO—BE!"

ASK your local Agent for a free demonstration.

THE STANDARD MOTOR COMPANY LTD., COVENTRY.

Makers of
THE "BIG NINE."

4/5 SEATER SALOONS
from
£245

SOME LEADING HUNTS

News Illustrations

Hounds, led by the Master and Huntsman, Mr. Isaac Bell, in the grounds of Pyt House, Shaftesbury, where the South and West Wilts met recently. This is probably the oldest pack of foxhounds in England

The field leaving Warrenes Wood, Mortimer, for a new Joint-Masters of

Central Press

Mrs. Toby Belville, well protected from the winter's blast—to say nothing of the January rain—at the meet of the Pytchley at Hazelbeach

Express Photos

A general view of the recent meet of the Old Berkeley in the Market Square at Amersham, Bucks. The country, which comprises plough and pasture in fairly equal proportions with a lot of woodland, calls for a short-legged, clever horse

AND HUNTING PEOPLE

Topical

...er, following a recent meet of the South Berks. Mr. Guy Hargreaves and Major A. E. Phillips, D.S.O., are the ...k, which numbers 45 couples of hounds, with kennels at Purley, Reading

L. N. A.

The Storrington Beagles meeting at Goodwood House on the invitation of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. He is seen in the wheeled chair chatting with the Master and Secretary, Major A. E. Cook, M.C.

Central Press

Lord Nunburnholme, a regular follower of the Pytchley, photographed at the meet held recently at Hazelbeach

FLYING NOTES

MORE FLYING AT THE CLUBS

By Capt. C. E Ward

The Hampshire Club

IN spite of very poor weather the Hampshire Club, in common with many other centres of light 'plane activity, increased its flying hours to nearly 2,500 last year, with a membership of a little over 400. Some of the old machines have been replaced, and the Club now has four Moths and one Avian. Having an aerodrome situated at Hamble on the Solent, a large number of visitors are entertained every year when proceeding to and from the various regattas and other functions which are held in that part of the country. Aerial activity is always very noticeable around the Solent, for, in addition to the R.A.F. stations at Calshot and Gosport, many new machines are tested annually by Faireys, A. V. Roe, Supermarines, Spartans, and Saunders Roe, all of whom have factories in the vicinity. Two overseas members, Lt.-Colonel L. G. Bird and his daughter, who were in England on leave from Hong Kong, qualified for their "A" licence with the same amount of instruction, and in addition 39 other members obtained their licences during the year, the full amount of subsidy being earned. Members and friends are reminded of the dance which will be held at the Pavilion, Bournemouth, on Wednesday, January 28.

Sport and General

Miss Amy Johnson photographed after her forced landing at Varsovie, near Warsaw, on her attempted flight to China, which she has been forced to postpone owing to adverse weather conditions. She is seen with a group of officials, including Bt. Lieut.-Colonel K. J. Martin, D.S.O., our Military Attaché at Warsaw

Trans-Siberia

MISS JOHNSON has been very poorly served by her friends and advisers in the matter of this flight to China via Siberia. It is only a few months ago that she was quite unknown, yet by means of a well-planned flight to Australia, ending in a blaze of world-wide publicity, she became a national figure—one might almost say a national idol. The fact that she could not complete her much-advertised tour of Great Britain was not her fault. She was the victim of circumstances beyond her control, and everyone hoped that, after a well-deserved rest, she would return to active flying and do further good work in the career which she had adopted as her own. Unfortunately, someone suggested that no British machine had been flown to China via Russia, and Miss Johnson evidently felt that this omission should be remedied. Complete with Gipsy Moth, variously reported as Jason II or III, a parachute, an extra petrol tank and a pair of skis, she started off for a flight over one of the most desolate trails in the world, that following the trans-Siberian railway. Russian and German pilots who know this route to the East say that it is impossible to negotiate in winter without very special preparation and equipment. By attempting it with no hope of success Miss Johnson has succeeded in making flying appear much more difficult and dangerous than it really is, besides injuring her own reputation as a pilot and an organiser.

Coming Events of Note

ARRANGEMENTS made by the Royal Aeronautical Society for the Spring lecture season include several of very great interest to pilots, private owners, engineers, and gliding enthusiasts. On the 29th of this month Herr A. Lippisch is talking on the construction of sailplanes and gliders, whilst on February 26 Captain F. Entwistle, B.Sc., who is an acknowledged authority on weather, discusses the meteorological aspects of gliding and soaring. On February 12, in between these two dates, Captain Norman MacMillan is lecturing on air navigation, this being a joint meeting with the Guild of Air Pilots and Navigators. Captain MacMillan, who is with the Fairey Aviation Company, is one of the finest test pilots in the world, and having written several books on flying has proved that he can express himself equally well on paper as in the air. Lectures are held at 6.30 p.m. in the hall of the Royal Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, visitors being admitted on signing the book.

A Six-seater Saloon

THE Westland Wessex has just returned from a trip round the British Isles, including a double crossing of the Irish Sea and visits to sixty of the most important cities. In spite of very bad weather conditions more than 6,000 miles were flown to schedule. The Wessex is just the right size for use on internal air lines, both in this country and abroad, as well as being a luxury machine for the private owner able to afford an engineer-pilot. Real safety is achieved with three Genet Major engines, because the machine will operate easily on any two; its maintenance and running costs are low, and the passenger accommodation is definitely up to a good saloon car standard.

A DAY on the new planet Pluto lasts 250 years. It is probably called Monday.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 82)

friend Lattimer, who has rescued him from starvation, is occasionally too possessive. He ought to have been born on a desert island and never found even a man Friday.

So he wanders on queerly through life, and in Germany finds what seems to be a kindred spirit, young Max. But Max, unlike himself, is not at all blind to feminine charms, and when Wanda, after vamping him in vain, secures Max for herself and unwisely taunts the wretched Starridge with her victory, he sees very red indeed, and—almost commendably—chokes the young woman to death. After which, of course, there is nothing for him but to die, a tragically picturesque figure.

THIS is very far from being a depressing book. It is full of ideas, rather more outspoken than any novel I have read for some time, and written in earnest. The Starridges of the world are indeed a difficult problem, and Miss Mannin does not attempt to solve it. But her presentation is good. I am still waiting for her to write about an honest-to-God-he-man and a woman who has never heard of Freud, but she may quite legitimately ask why on earth she should. And there is this to be said for this new book of hers: it looks forward and it is honest. R. S.

EVENING WEAR

AN element of distinction which tends to a quiet dignity is noticeable in the Evening Wear at Meakers. Whatever style you like best, or the price you wish to pay, you will find there a most complete and varied choice. Comfort has been the first and last thought, and every detail for correctness and perfect fitting has been intelligently considered.

MEAKERS

47-48 PICCADILLY, W.1

Forty Five Shops throughout London and Provinces

Meakers Ltd., 91 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

The fleet of official cars built for the coming tour of the Prince of Wales and Prince George in the Argentine outside the premises of Messrs Rootes, Ltd., Piccadilly. It comprises three Humber "Snipes," one Humber Pullman Limousine and a 2½ ton Commer van for the baggage

KNOW YOUR CAR

By E. M. Wright

THE average motorist nowadays knows practically nothing of how his car works. To the pre-War motorist such ignorance is utterly incomprehensible, yet the reasons for it are simple enough. The vast majority of those who own and drive cars do not look upon them as delightful mechanical toys, but as a convenient means of getting about. They have no mechanical knowledge, nor have they leisure—or, at any rate, the inclination—to spend hours in the garage studying the whys and wherefores of their cars. Yet merely as a means of ensuring efficient running the owner-driver should know at least enough about his car to enable him to drive it with understanding, to minister to its requirements with sympathetic consideration, and to diagnose its ailments as soon as they betray themselves.

***

THE best way to learn how a car works is to pull it to pieces and put it together again! But not even the inquisitive small boy with hopes of ultimately becoming an engine driver would relish giving effect to such counsels. The best practical way of learning about a car's "innards" is to see one being made—to follow its evolution from the foundry to the assembly line. But comparatively few ever have the chance of making even a hurried visit to a motor works. Most of us must acquire our knowledge from books, plus any practical experience we may gain with the cars we own. Now there has just been published by the Anglo-American Oil Co. one of the most useful little books explaining the elementary principles of a car's working. It is "Know Your Car," a handy little volume scarcely bigger than a pamphlet, which "assembles" the car from the bare chassis frame to the finished saloon by means of a series of thumb-nail sketches accompanied by short explanatory paragraphs written in non-technical language.

***

HAVING shown the position of each component on the chassis, the booklet then goes on to describe each part of the car in detail. The letter-press throughout is profusely illustrated with dozens of diagrams which either show the actual part or give a sectioned picture showing what it does when at work. For example, we are shown the inside of a cylinder during the four movements which complete the cycle of operations. Four diagrams illustrate the inlet stroke, the compression stroke, the power stroke, and the exhaust stroke in a way which will be readily grasped even by the least mechanically minded. Where, too, the technical explanation might not be readily understood, homely instances are given of similar phenomena within the knowledge of everyone. The firing, for instance, of the mixture is compared with the firing of a gun, while the working of the throttle is shown to be analogous to the working of the damper in the flue of a kitchen range.

***

STARTING, of course, with the engine, the assembly of its different components is shown in detail, while diagrams explain their functions. Then follow in natural sequence a couple of chapters dealing in exactly the same way with the starting and the running of the engine and the working of the electrical gear. The novice is initiated into the mysteries of the petrol supply from the time the petrol leaves the tank till it is exploded in the cylinder head. Still further chapters explain how the engine is cooled, how the silencer works, and how the engine is lubricated. The novice is given a clear picture of what is required of the lubricant and a few homely sketches, such as that of a man using a file, to paint a terrible picture of the hell-fire and damnation which awaits anyone who neglects the maker's instructions, fails to empty the sump when he is told, and leaves the grease-gun to rust neglected in a corner of the garage.

***

THESE and many other things are revealed to the earnest seeker after truth who studies this little booklet. It contains only 36 pages in all, but every page is packed full of interesting and really practical information. The burden of its message is lubricate, lubricate, and the book is none the worse for that.

One of the 25 h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam cars owned by Sir Montagu Butler being ferried across the Nerbudda river, near Jubbulpore, C.P. Sir Montagu is the Governor of the Central Provinces and has held this office since 1925

Grandma time is Benger time

Of all light Foods, old folk enjoy and benefit most by Benger's. They find it contains everything needed to sustain old age in health and vigour.

BENGER'S Food for INFANTS, INVALIDS and the AGED.

Information and recipes for many dainty dishes will be found in Benger's Booklet, sent post free on application.

BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., MANCHESTER.

OTIS SKINNER IN EDWARD KNOBLOCK'S CLASSIC

KISMET
LEICESTER SQUARE THEATRE

When replying to advertisements please mention
THE BYSTANDER
to ensure prompt attention.

PROGRESS

Many think Britain is slow in advancing—a curious instance of our self-deprecation. Yet there is an oil, produced by Britons, which has never been overstrained. Though the trials are greater with each passing day, constant development gives it stamina to spare. Called Castrol, it gains repute from progress—steady, swift and brilliant.

WAKEFIELD
CASTROL
QUALITY is the best policy

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO. LTD., LONDON, E.C.2

Winter in the Bavarian Alps

MUNICH

The principal town of Bavaria—the centre of culture of South Germany—central and point of departure for all journeys to the Bavarian Alps.
Noteworthy Sights: Deutsches Museum (German Museum), Alte und Neue Pinakothek (old and new Pinakothek), Residenzmuseum, etc.
Information and Prospectus from "Verkehrsverband München—Südbayern, Hauptbahnhof—Nordbau."

BERCHTESGADEN

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GERMAN
WINTER RESORT and WINTER SPORTS CENTRE.
RECUPERATION.
SUNSHINE.
SPORT.
Information from the "Verkehrsamt."

SANATORIUM.
Ebenhausen

2,300 ft. above sea level, near **Munich**. **For internal and nervous diseases as well as for convalescents** (infectious and mental cases not admitted). Physical, dietetic treatments, X-rays, etc.

GARMISCH PARTENKIRCHEN

Germany's Leading
WINTER SPORTS RESORT
Prospectus obtainable from the "Kurverwaltung"—Travel Bureaus—and the German Railways Information Bureau, 9, Queen's Gardens, London, W.2.

LEADING HOTELS.
ALPENHOF PARKHOTEL
PALASTHOTEL SONNENBICHL
(Golfhotel).

SANATORIUM.
DR. WIGGERS KURHEIM
The leading local Sanatorium. Combined with the Family Hotel
DR. WIGGERS KURHOF

"THE ROOF OF GERMANY"
The expansive plateau of the Zugspitze—
10,051 ft.
—is Europe's highest Ski-ing Paradise
Come and stay at the new First-class Hotel
SCHNEEFERNERHAUS!

FOR FASHIONABLE FUR COATS
of quality payable by easy monthly instalments OPEN A CREDIT ACCOUNT WITH "SMARTWEAR." No references, no deposit required. Visit our extensive showrooms or write for beautiful illustrated Fur Catalogue (Fur Dept.).
SMARTWEAR LTD., Radnor House, 93-97, Regent Street, London, W.1.
'Phone: Regent 2371-2372.

OBESITY

THYROID GLAND ANTI-FAT PILLS
quickly remove all superfluous adipose tissue accumulated in the cells of the system, bringing stout men or women to their normal weight, at the same time giving vigour, new life, vitality, strength and nerve force. This standardised treatment, double strength (sufficient for four weeks) sent on receipt of 10/- post free. Only obtainable from
MARTIN, Herbalist, 10, WELFORD RD., LEICESTER
BOX 89

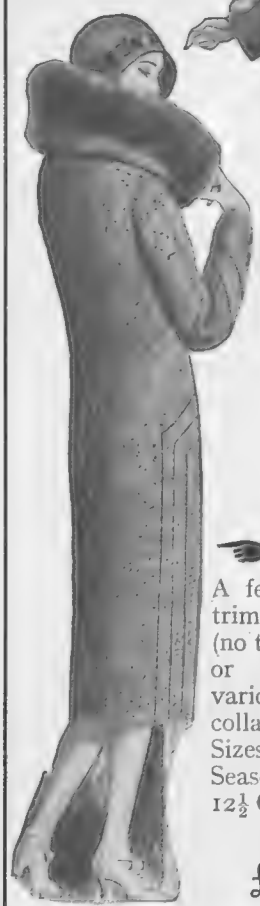
Woollands

Quality Sale

To-day & Daily

Unusual Values in Highest Quality Practical Attire

REMNANTS HALF PRICE THURSDAY



CORAL

Useful Moleskin Coat for day and evening wear, the pelts are carefully chosen and perfectly finished. These coats are exceptional value. Women's, size 45 in. Usual Price 15½ Gns.

Sale Price

13½ *Gns.*

O.S., 48 in. long. Usual Price 16½ Gns.

Sale Price 14½ *Gns.*

SUSAN

Perfectly tailored Coat, in the new diagonal Fleck Cloth, in Navy and Clerical only. Handsome fur set is of good quality natural, or sable squirrel. Three medium sizes.

Sale Price

8½ *Gns.*

No. 13

A few practical Fur-trimmed Tweed Coats (no two alike) in rough or smooth Tweeds, various colourings with collars of real furs. Sizes: S.W., W., O.S. Season's Prices 8½ to 12½ Gns.

Sale Price

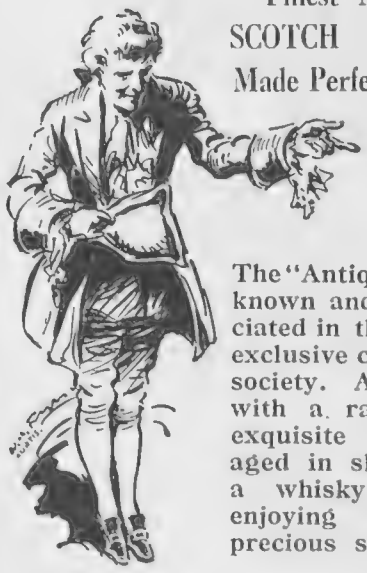
£6-19-6

Further Drastic Price Reductions on many Coats in this department on Thursdays

WOOLLAND BROS. LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1

The "Antiquary"

Finest Natural SCOTCH WHISKY Made Perfect by Age



The "Antiquary" is known and appreciated in the more exclusive circles of society. A whisky with a rare and exquisite flavour, aged in sherry-wood casks—a whisky to linger over, enjoying to the full each precious sip.

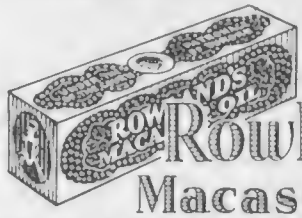
If any difficulty in obtaining supplies, please write for name of nearest agent to:

Make it your home Whisky

J. & W. HARDIE, EDINBURGH

The secret of beautiful hair

lies in a healthy scalp and vigorous roots. Frequent combing and the application of Rowland's Macassar Oil after washing the hair makes the scalp healthy and the roots vigorous, bringing the reward of beautiful hair.



Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers, 3/6, 7/- and 10/6 a bottle. Red for dark hair, golden for fair hair.

Rowland's Macassar Oil

A. ROWLAND & SONS, Ltd., 112, GUILFORD STREET, W.C.1

JH&co RM39

CANNES

The Leading Hotels:

THE CARLTON
The centre of all social life on the Croisette

THE MIRAMAR
with its own beach

THE MAJESTIC
Facing the Casino

THE PROVENCE
Overlooking Cannes
Moderate Terms
Large Free Garage
Park — Tennis

FASHIONS FANCIES

This teagown of Indian pink satin, with pleated chiffon underskirt, comes from Debenham and Freebody's. The slender sleeves have mediæval cuffs and there is a fish-tail train. The scheme is completed with fur and flowers. Gaugings appear in front, softening the moulded outline

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph*
By Lenare

Concerning Many Things

These charming heralds of the Spring may be seen at Henry Heath's, Oxford Street, W. The chef d'œuvre at the top is of sisal straw, relieved with appliqués of leather. The white quills strike a novel note in the black felt hat, the arrangement of the quill in the model on the right is exceedingly smart

progress and continues until the 24th inst.

Exceptionally Heavy Reductions

At the annual sale of the Grafton Fur Co., 164, New Bond Street, W.1, exceptionally heavy reductions have been made in the prices of their high-grade furs. It is impossible to quote prices, as each individual wrap, no matter whether it be a coat or stole, has to be studied on its own merits. Lovely, indeed, are the fox stoles, especially the silver ones; indeed, there are no more flattering furs. By the way, Mappin and Webb's, of Oxford Street, Regent Street, and Queen Victoria Street, sale terminates on the 17th inst., therefore a visit must be made this week. The reductions are genuine, nevertheless limited in number. Neither must it be overlooked that Scott's, the well-known hatters, of Old Bond Street, are making a reduction of 20 per cent. off all their season's hats. Here, again, a visit is essential.

Liberty Fabrics

Homelovers welcome the advent of Liberty's sale, for then the loveliest of things can be secured at amazingly low prices. No sale catalogue is issued, but Persian rugs reduced from 130*s.* to 50*s.*, brocade marked down from 27*s.* 6*d.* to 17*s.* 6*d.* a yard, and table runners for 7*s.* 11*d.* instead of 21*s.* are indicative of the offers which are being made. A selection of Liberty model evening gowns may be secured at half their original price, and drastic reductions are being made in velvet and brocade evening cloaks. Mention must also be made of stitched velvet hats at 12*s.* 11*d.*, ready-to-wear dresses of Yoru crêpe at 27*s.* 6*d.* instead of 42*s.*, and Sungleam frocks for 59*s.* 6*d.* instead of 79*s.* 6*d.*

33⅓ Per Cent. Reduction

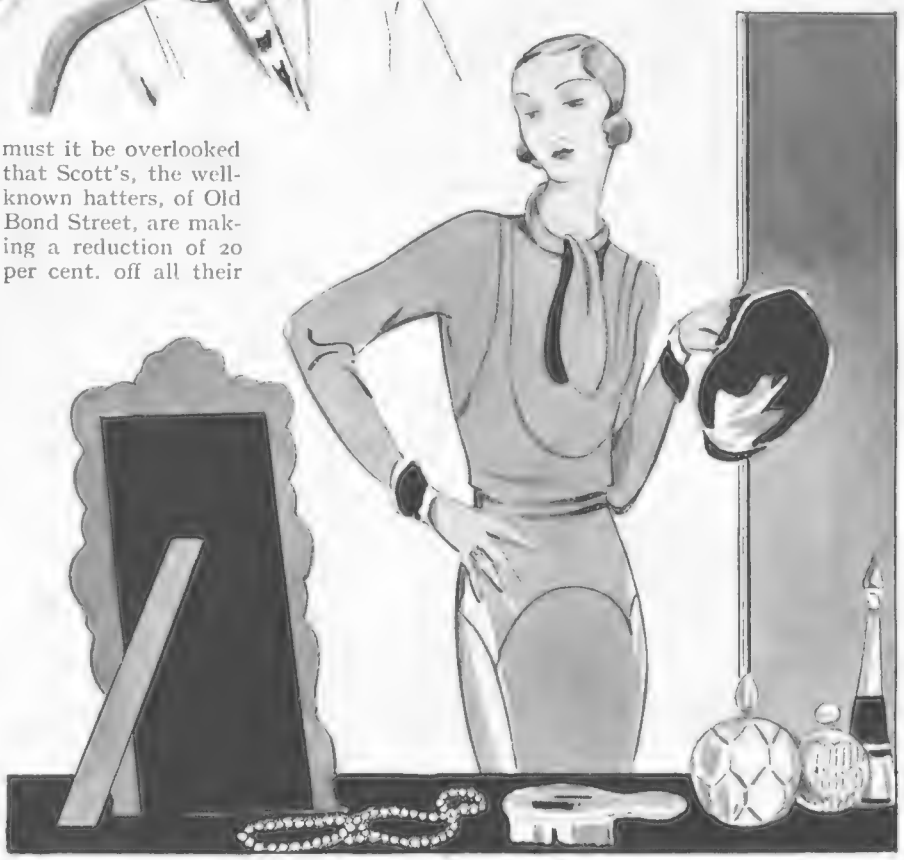
It is indeed good news that Studd and Millington, Conduit Street and Chancery Lane, are making a reduction of 33⅓ per cent. off tailored suits and coats for men and women. The "Studington" Polo coats for women are now from 5½ to 7 guineas; they are very light and warm. The Duplex reversible "Studington" coats for men are also reduced, as it will be remembered they are pure wool one side and rainproof the other.

Women Look Their Best

There is an immense satisfaction in knowing that one is looking one's best, lovely raiment will not achieve this unaided; it needs the art of the beauty specialist to bestow the much-needed finishing touches. In the salons of Phyllis Earle, 32, Dover Street, there is a beauty aid for everyone. The latest development is a treatment for eyebrows—they become trim and neat; indeed, it may be said they are groomed. The preparations supply the proper corrective for every little defect and enable women to cultivate and increase their physical charms. Furthermore, every aspect of the art of hairdressing is well understood. The brochures, sponsored by Phyllis Earle, are of exceptional interest, and will gladly be sent gratis and post free.

No Sale Catalogue

No catalogue is issued in connection with Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, W., sale, as the goods are only marked down a few days prior to the event. The reduction in prices prevails in the eastern building devoted to men's and boys' clothing as well as to the main building. The sale is in



There is a beauty aid for every need in the salons of Phyllis Earle, 32, Dover Street, W "Grooming Eyebrows" is among the latest treatments; it is a great improvement to every face, no matter the type

The Test of Time

It is sixty-five years since Wright's Coal Tar Soap began to be used. Generations of men and women have found this soap unequalled for the bath and general toilet use. Generations of doctors have recommended this soap as a guardian of skin-health and a preventive of infection. Wright's Coal Tar Soap has the confidence of an ever-increasing number of users the world over . . . Goodness is lasting . . . Wright's Coal Tar Soap has been subjected to the Test of Time . . . See how its reputation endures.

Wright's Coal Tar Soap

6d. per tablet.

Mayflower ZIPP BOOTS

ON and OFF in a FLASH

A delightful "never mind the weather boot." Puddleproof. Ideal for Town or Country.

Shaped to the leg. Made in Tan Willow Calf, Black Box Calf.

Single boot sent on approval, or if money is sent for a pair it will be instantly refunded if not approved.

25/-

Postage 9d.

ABBOTT'S

WEST: 324, OXFORD ST. | CITY: 60, LUDGATE HILL.

Post Dept.: 58-60, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

Also on Sale at all our Branches.

WE say it modestly—but we say it firmly—we are the Bungalow experts. All types of timbered Bungalows from a week-end or chauffeur's cottage at £200 to a palatial country residence at £2,000.

Write for our 156-page book of designs B.Y. 112.

BROWNE & LILLY Ltd
THAMES SIDE. READING.
'Phone-587 *'Grams-Portable Reading*

GET SLIM! Regain your figure

GLUTEN BISCUITS SHOULD FORM PART OF YOUR DAILY FOOD.
Prepared from the formula of a very eminent Harley Street dietetician.

THEIR GREAT VIRTUE
While correcting any tendency to stoutness, GLUTEN BISCUITS give real nourishment, increasing muscle, strength and energy. They are perfectly harmless, are full of vitamins, and contain no drugs.

THEIR EFFECT
If GLUTEN BISCUITS are eaten regularly in place of bread, your body becomes slimmer and firmer; you reduce your weight; digestion improves; you feel healthier in every way.

For Sample and descriptive Booklet write the
SARXCENE FOOD COMPANY, 104, Great Portland Street, W.1.

Sore Throat?

". . I find FORMAMINT is a very nice friend to have in your pocket, when you are in trouble with your throat."

Mr. T.B.—T.

FORMAMINT
WULFING BRAND

destroys the disease germs in mouth and throat, thus conquering Sore Throat, and protecting you against infectious diseases, such as

Influenza, Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, etc.

At all Chemists, 2/6 a bottle

Genatosan Ltd., Loughborough, Leicestershire

Cuticura

Are you satisfied with what your mirror reflects? Does it show a skin clear, healthy and beautiful? Consistent use of Cuticura assures you such a satisfying reflection. Cuticura Soap is cleansing and antiseptic; Cuticura Ointment keeps the skin soft and smooth and the scalp healthy; Cuticura Talcum imparts a dainty and refreshing fragrance.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1. Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

If you Suffer

FROM RHEUMATISM GOUT, SCIATICA

TRY:

A. BEJEAN'S Specific

For many years this famous Remedy has given prompt relief to sufferers from Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Neuritis and kindred ailments. It gives QUICK RESULTS, even in cases where other Medicines have failed.

Sold by all Chemists. Price per bottle: 10s. 6d.
Wholesale: WILCOX, JOZEAU & Co., Ltd., 15, Great St. Andrew Street, London, W.C.2

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free)

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.

The First Special Hospital in London devoted to Cancer Treatment and Research.

AN URGENT APPEAL IS MADE FOR **£150,000** for a new Radiological Block and other extensions which will add 80 beds to the Hospital.

AND ALSO FOR RADIUM.

Bankers:—Messrs. COUTTS & CO., 440, STRAND, W.C. J. COURTNEY BUCHANAN, *Secretary.*

THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Luncheon

Hors d'Œuvres.
(Red Cabbage à la Russe).

Risotto.

Carré d'Agneau
à la Polonaise.
Pommes Sautées.

Apple Beignets.

Sardines Salés.

Café.

Red Cabbage à la Russe

Cut up a red cabbage into very fine narrow strips, plunge for a minute into salt and boiling water, cool in cold water, drain. Lay in a deep dish and sprinkle with salt and tarragon vinegar. Stir some mashed hard-boiled yolks of eggs into half a tumbler full of cream, season with salt and pepper. Pour this over the cabbage and garnish with slices of cut radish.

Risotto

Put into a large stewpan three or four tablespoonfuls of olive oil and heat over the fire. Put two or three shallots, finely chopped, into this and fry till a golden colour, then add about 6 ozs. rice and stir for a few minutes. Now add five tomatoes, peeled and cut into small pieces. Moisten with a quart of good veal or chicken stock, and add a small bouquet of herbs and season to taste. Cook slowly for about half an hour, stirring frequently to prevent burning. some minutes before serving stir in two tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan cheese. Remove the bouquet of herbs, and serve on a hot dish with tomato sauce round.

Carré d'Agneau à la Polonaise

Have a good-sized loin of lamb boned, and prepare a stuffing of half a pound of chopped mushrooms (previously peeled). Add 4 ozs. of breadcrumbs, a tablespoonful of sherry, and a beaten egg. Season with salt and pepper and nutmeg and mix well. Put the prepared stuffing on the cut side of the loin of lamb, fold in the end, and wrap in buttered grease-proof paper. Place in a baking-tin and cook in a hot oven, basting from time to time. Serve with gravy and mint sauce.

Apple Beignets

Peel some even-sized cooking apples and cut them into quarter-inch slices. Stamp out the core portion of each with a cutter. Dip the slices in a rich but fairly stiff frying batter and fry in hot fat to a golden colour. Take up, drain well, dredge with castor sugar mixed with a little ground cinnamon or vanilla. Serve hot.

Diner

Menu

Parfait de Foie Gras
Royal Natives
Caviar

—

Tortue Verte en Tasse
Paillettes Dorées

—

Turbot Poché
Sauce Hollandaise
Beurre Fondu

—

Suprême de Volaille Princesse
Pommes Parisienne

—

Poires Juliette
Délice de Dames

—

Corbeille de Fruits Frais

—

Café

The menu of a dinner served at Romano's Restaurant in the Strand, on January 7, to celebrate the wedding of Mr. W. A. Steward, the Managing Director of this famous Bohemian resort, and Miss Fanny Shapiro

Sardines Salés

Drain some sardines from the oil and wipe them, sprinkle with mustard and cayenne. Fry them on both sides in a little butter, and send to table on strips of buttered toast very hot.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Where Wit and Wisdom Meet

"Those who drink water, think water."

This downright opinion of Charles Kingsley's is one of 365 quotations dealing with the arts of eating and drinking that figure in "A Gourmet's Year" for 1931, issued by the Trocadero and given to diners on New Year's Eve. The diary is in its tenth year. The quotations have been culled from the writings of poets and authors of every age. The praises of the restaurant and tavern are sung by Wilfred Whitten, who remarks: "You can meet more varieties of men in a tavern, or at a wine table, than anywhere else, and in all decency and discretion." André L. Simon adds: "The best restaurant in the world is the one where they know you best." The late Poet Laureate, Dr. Robert Bridges, is represented by an exquisite excerpt about wine—"And through the perfumed chambers they were led, and bathed therein; and after, set to sup, were upon dreamlike delicacies fed, and wine more precious than its golden cup." There are plenty of humorous quotations. Hugh Walpole decries what might be described as "spineless" soups. He writes: "It was one of those soups in perfect taste, but without vitality—well bred and *fin-de-siècle*." A. P. Herbert confesses: "Whenever England is at sea I have the Cabinet to tea." Lastly, E. V. Knox suggests, "There is nothing perhaps quite so beautiful as the English potato," and E. C. Bentley declaims:—

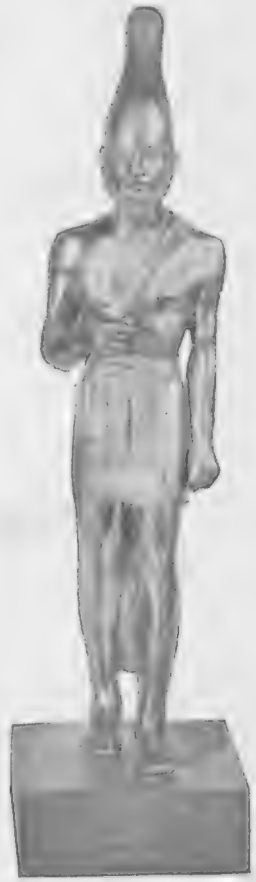
"The digestion of Milton
Was unequal to Stilton.
He was only feeling so-so
When he wrote 'Il Penseroso.'"

A Gift to King Fuad

When King Fuad attended the opening of the Nag Hammadi Barrage on December 19th, he was presented by Messrs. Ransomes and Rapier, Ltd., of Ipswich, makers of the Sluice Gates and operating machinery, with a silver statuette of King Nar'mer. King Nar'mer (circa 3300 B.C.) is usually identified with Menes who, according to tradition, united the land into one kingdom and was the founder of the first dynasty. Herodotus records that Menes diverted the Nile by means of a dam in order to clear a site for his capital city, Memphis. He thus stands out in history as the first Egyptian King to have carried out engineering work of this kind on a large scale. The statuette, which is illustrated on this page, was modelled by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company from the representation of King Nar'mer on his great slate palette found at Hierakanopolis and now in the Cairo Museum.

Travel Association's 1,000,000 Calendars

Printed in red and black, with a bold "1931" on the cover, the Annual Calendar of Events in Great Britain and Ireland, with information for visitors, prepared by the Travel Association of Great Britain and Ireland, makes its second annual appearance. The Prince of Wales has recently become a patron of this useful organisation, which seeks to attract visitors from other climes to our shores. One million copies of this Calendar will again be printed, 600,000 in English and 400,000 in French, German, and Spanish, and distributed all over the world. The English edition, which is now ready, is being despatched at once to distributing agents in the British Dominions and the United States. It contains a full list of events taking place during each month of 1931 in all parts of the British Isles, with a special index of "old world customs" still celebrated and so popular with visitors to this country. Before the Prince of Wales reaches Buenos Aires to open the British Trade Exhibition on March 14, 100,000 copies of the Calendar in Spanish will have reached the Exhibition for distribution, and thousands will be in circulation in the principal cities which the Prince will visit on his way to the Exhibition. The Spanish, the French, and the German editions of the Travel Association's Calendar have been edited to include facts of interest to the nations they represent.



The silver statuette of King Nar'mer presented to King Fuad at the opening of the Nag Hammadi Barrage

PETER ROBINSON

SALE

NOW PROCEEDING

No Sale Catalogue is issued as the remarkable values offered in all Departments cannot be adequately illustrated. The wide selection of garments and materials can only be appreciated by an early visit.

PETER ROBINSON, LTD OXFORD ST & REGENT ST W.1

HAIRDRESSING

THE inimitable smartness of Phyllis Earle Hairdressing is immediately apparent. In excellent taste, you feel at once that it is correct—that it is in the mode.

Your request for a price list will be met instantly, or an appointment may be conveniently arranged.

Specialists also in Permanent Waving, Facial Massage, Bleach Mask Treatment, Figure Slimming, Eyebrow Shaping, Manicure, Chiropody, Electrolysis, and Inecto recoloration of grey hair.

PHYLLIS EARLE SALONS

32 DOVER STREET, W.1 *Telephone :* Regent 7931 (8 lines)

ÆSOP'S FABLES No. 1.

The Wild Boar and the Fox

The moral deduced by the Master of Fables from the story of the Wild Boar and the Fox is "that it is too late to whet the sword when the trumpet sounds to draw it."

This implies that it is necessary to look ahead and to make provision in good times for the evils that may come later and is true in the case of Life Assurance. We must assure while health is good.

Let us send you an illustrated leaflet giving old Æsop's fable in full and you can make your own deduction.

Ask for :—
Fable No. 1 (Y).

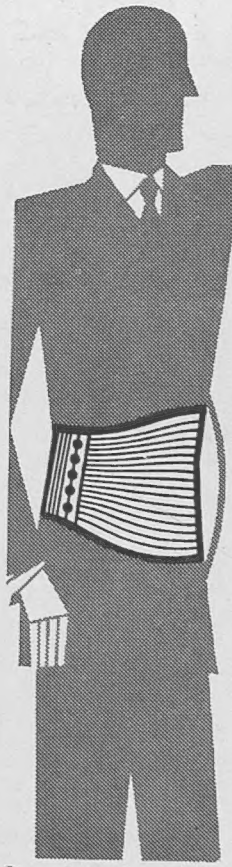
The STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

LONDON 46 QUEEN VICTORIA ST. E.C.4 15a PALL MALL S.W.1

ESTABLISHED 1825

INDIA CALCUTTA—DALHOUSIE SQUARE BOMBAY — HORNBY ROAD

HEAD OFFICE—3 GEORGE STREET EDINBURGH



Restore your figure

Remove this danger curve!

You can speedily restore your youthful figure by wearing a Linia Belt—the belt now worn by thousands of well-dressed men.

"Figure" is just as important to a man as to a woman: for no tailor can give a smart effect to a figure which is distorted by corpulence. On the other hand by wearing a Linia Belt you enable the tailor to do full justice to himself and you.

Further a Linia Belt is a great aid to health, providing firm, elastic support to the abdomen without the least constriction. It massages all superfluous flesh away. Its suppleness permits of absolute freedom. Many athletes and sportsmen wear the Linia Belt. Doctors too recommend it.

YOU CAN ORDER BY POST

We will fit you personally if you are able to call: but we can also fit you if you will send us by post your girth and the depth of belt required in front (usually 9 or 10 inches). Write for our free illustrated booklet.

The price of the Linia Belt Popular model is 2½ gns. De Luxe model in pure silk, extra light quality, 5 gns.; or Standard model 35/-. C.O.D. 1/- extra.

Money returned if dissatisfied.

On sale only at J. C. ROUSSEL, 173 Regent St., London, W.1

Brit. Patent No. 279477 Telephone: Regent 5698

Wear the Linia Belt

HECTOR'S *Restaurant, Devonshire House*

Lunch
au choix
6/6

Theatre
Dinner
8/6

Diners
au choix
10/6

—

Supper à
la carte
&
Dancing
9–2 a.m.

MAYFAIR PLACE,
PICCADILLY.

Alfredo Campoli
IN
HECTOR'S VENETIAN DANCE ORCHESTRA

TELEPHONE:
Mayfair 6457.*

ML Mackinlay's
LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

DISTILLED
12
YEARS AGO
THERE'S
NOTHING
LIKE IT
TO-DAY!

There's
no use
talking

taste it!

Also
MACKINLAY'S V.O.B.
Not quite as old
but almost as good

(Established
1820)

Distilled, blended and bottled in Scotland by
CHAS. MACKINLAY & CO., Distillers, Leith,
and at Trafalgar House, Waterloo Place, S.W.1

Luxurious
comfort...
Safety in
traffic.....

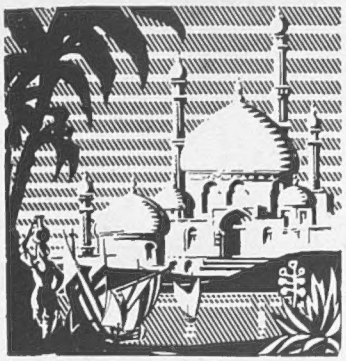
THE soft leather upholstery of the Palatine Six is heavily padded. Both front seats are adjustable. Safety is ensured by the fine acceleration, powerful 4-wheel brakes, Triplex glass windscreen, bumpers, and Biflex electrically operated dipping headlamps. 15.7 h.p. 5-seater coach-built saloon with 5 wire or steel detachable wheels **£259**

Other models: Willys Whippet 5-seater Saloon, £188; de luxe, £198. 20 h.p. Willys Knight Sleeve Valve Six Saloon, £375.

Catalogues from
WILLYS OVERLAND CROSSLEY LTD.,
HEATON CHAPEL, STOCKPORT, and
151/3, GT. PORTLAND STREET, W.1.

Willys
PALATINE SIX

BLUE STAR CRUISES



March 20th, 1931

EASTER IN THE HOLY LAND

MEDITERRANEAN

29 days and Visiting Tangier, Palma (Mallorca), Malta, Derna (Cyrenaica), Port Said (for Cairo), Jaffa (for Jerusalem), Larnaka (Cyprus), Haifa, Beirut, Rhodes, Sousse (for Kairouan), Algiers.

April 23rd, 1931

MEDITERRANEAN

25 days—Calling at Tangier, Naples (for Vesuvius and Pompeii), Rhodes, Istambul, Phaleron Bay (for Athens), Tripoli, Malta, Algiers.

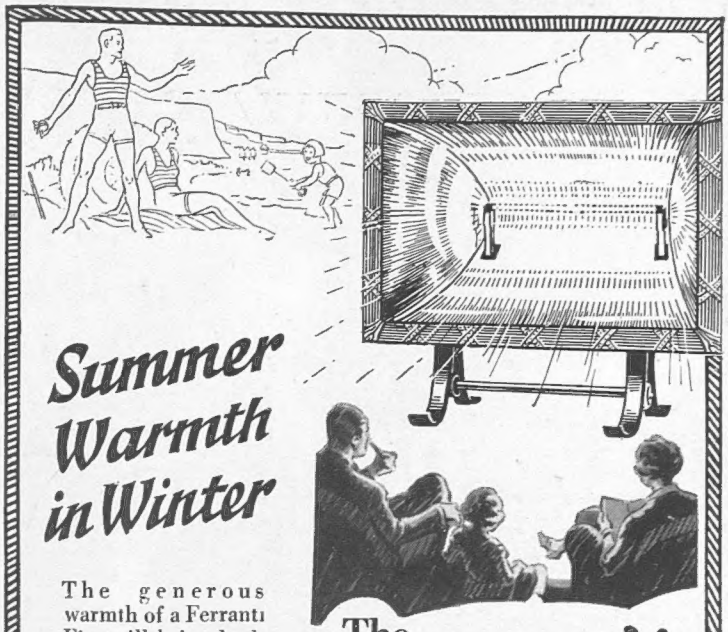
BY THE WORLD-FAMOUS CRUISING SHIP

"ARANDORA STAR"

For full particulars of these and other forthcoming cruises apply

BLUE STAR LINE

3, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1. (Gerrard 5671); Liverpool, 10, Water Street; and Principal Tourist Agents.



Summer Warmth in Winter

The generous warmth of a Ferranti Fire will bring back memories of sunny summer days when you "sun-bathed" on the beach at Juan-les-Pins, or dived into the warm Atlantic at Madeira, or lounged on the deck of a pleasure-cruising liner.

The *Ferranti*

ELECTRIC FIRE

Scientifically designed to create the utmost warmth from a given consumption of electricity.

Prices from 55/-

Write for illustrated booklet F. C.

FERRANTI LTD., HOLLINWOOD, LANCS.

London Office: Bush House, Aldwych, W.C.2.

EE38

GOLF

Shorts Coat and Plus Fours from 5 Guineas To Order.

Patterns and Self-measurement Forms on application.

FREDK. POOLE & CO.

New Address: 20, REGENT ARCADE

Tel.: Regent 3104. (Near Oxford Circus).

Formerly of 219, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Price £12 . 12 . 0

One of the Clocks for Sportsmen (engraved after a design by Lionel Edwards, R.I.), which are among the many novel Gifts for sporting friends to be seen exclusively at

THE SPORTING GALLERY,

32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

Every household should possess The

THERMEGA *Electric Heating* **PAD**

In Health a Comfort *In Sickness a Boon*

ABSOLUTELY RELIABLE

THERMEGA LTD.

Manufacturers of Electric Blankets and Pads

51/53 VICTORIA STREET LONDON, S.W.1

Works: Leatherhead

When replying to advertisements please mention "THE BYSTANDER" *to ensure prompt attention.*

HOW TO DRESS WELL on 10/- or £1 per Month

Open a credit account with "Smartwear." No deposit, no references required, no extra charge for outsizes. Visit our Showrooms for latest fashions in Fur-trimmed Coats, Fur Coats of Quality, Two- and Three-Piece Suits, Exquisite Day and Evening Gowns, or write for our beautifully illustrated Catalogue, sent gratis and post free.

SMARTWEAR, LTD.,

Radnor House,

93-97, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1.

AN ENTIRELY NEW SERIES IN THE POPULAR

NEW STYLE MAGAZINE

BRITANNIA AND EVE

TRAGEDIES AND COMEDIES OF HISTORY

"The fairest scenes of nature have, by a strange prank of history, been the setting of man's greatest cruelties. The lovely Appian Way outside the walls of Rome witnessed the persecutions of the early Christians. The glorious square, overshadowed by the campanile of the Palazzo Vecchio in Florence, once echoed to the dying groans of Savonarola. It was on a bridge in fair Montereau that the gallant Charles the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy, was foully done to death by Tanneguy Duchatel, and the shadow of the Giralda in Seville has often fallen on the forms of men marked for death by the inexorable Inquisition at its latest *auto-da-fé*.

Naples, fairest city of all shores, history doomed to a record of cruelty and baseness unsurpassed by any other city of men. It is said that the siren still sings her enticing dirge among the rocks which jut out into the green-blue sea of that beautiful bay, where Sorrento glimmers like a red jewel and Procida rises sadly from the waters."

Introduction to the story of Joanna the Cruel, No. 1 of the new series of tragedies and comedies of history. Described by Norman Hill. Painted by F. Matania, R.I. . . . A remarkable story well worth reading.

IN THE JANUARY NUMBER

"PRIVATE LIFE OF THE GANGSTER" by C. Patrick Thompson
"EVERYWOMAN" Part I; By May Edginton
"BERLIN AFTER DARK" by Negley Farson
SOCIETY IN CARICATURE by Autori
"STRAIGHT FROM PRISON" by Christine Jope-Slade
"THE ISLAND OF LOST SOULS" by Arthur Mills
"SHOULD MEN TAKE THE BLAME . . . ?" by Rosita Forbes
"WHEN FREDERICK LONSDALE WAS BROKE" by William Pollock
"EMA, EMA, E" by Beatrice Grimshaw
"TELEVISION" by Hannen Swaffer
"THE EXPANSION OF SCREEN SCOPE" by Sydney Tremayne
"DESERT BRED" by Achmed Abdulla
"BOOKS" by Arnold Palmer
"THE GERMAN GIRL—AND HER GRANDMOTHER" by Jan and Cora Gordon
"THE RED FLAG": THE DRAGON WAKES, by F. Britten Austin
"PARISIANA" by H. Pearl Adam
WHAT IS BEING WORN IN LONDON TO-DAY BY THE REALLY SMART WOMAN
"YOUR PEN GIVES YOU AWAY" by Robert Saudek
"THE LADY ON THE SCALE" by C. J. Cutcliffe-Hyne

NEW Features. NEW Ideas. NEW Stories—as good as the old ones that have made Britannia and Eve famous the world over.

THE JANUARY ISSUE IS ON SALE NOW — EVERYWHERE

Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, by THE CORNWALL PRESS LTD., 1-6, Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. January 14, 1931.
Entered as second class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.